

FEBRUARY 1936

25 CENTS



The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y

Since 1765

... the same year Louis XVI became heir to the throne of France ... the Louis who later sent Lafayette to the aid of the American colonies but lost his own head in the French Revolution.



The world has seen many changes since 1765 when a wounded Irish soldier, discovering a home demand for Cognac brandy, settled in France and founded the House of Hennessy. But, in the medieval town of Cognac, the work of Captain Richard Hennessy goes on in the endless stream of golden bottles that carry around the world the skill of the Hennessy vintners ... this finest symbol of Nature's exclusive contribution to the Cognac region ... Three-Star Hennessy, the preferred liqueur in every land.



HENNESSY

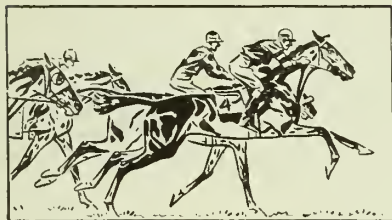
COGNAC BRANDY



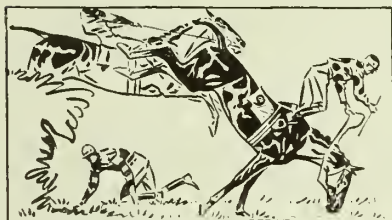
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES :

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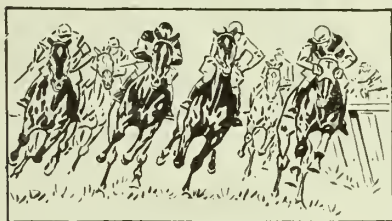
LONG LIVE ALL *of* US



Pneumonia, birth injuries, malformations lead early in the life-and-death race



Birth injuries and malformations soon fall, but pneumonia keeps to the fore



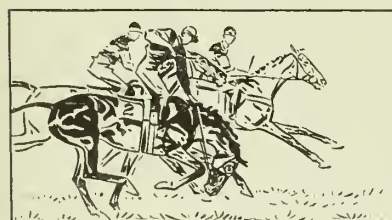
Accidents, measles, tuberculosis, pneumonia are ahead at the first turn, age fifteen



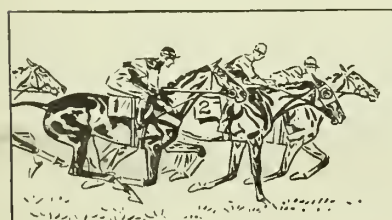
Measles falls off drastically and tuberculosis moves out to lead the field



Tuberculosis increases its lead in the back stretch, ages thirty to forty



Weakening, tuberculosis drops back as three others come up after age forty



Cancer, Bright's disease, apoplexy are one, two, three, in the stretch

BY ARTHUR F. HALL, JR., M.D.

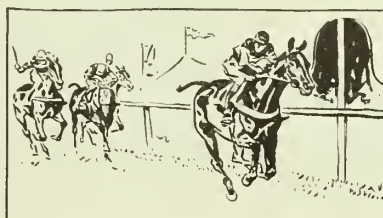
Illustrations by Paul Brown

MR. AVERAGE LEGIONNAIRE is now forty years old. He may begin to wonder how many more years of life he can reasonably expect. When he hears or reads of the deaths of others of his age or over, he may even speculate momentarily as to what particular disease will be his own avenue of exit from life. Of course, it is impossible to foretell the fate of an individual, but that of a group can be predicted with a surprising degree of certainty; otherwise life insurance companies could not exist. Forty-year-old males constitute a group about which a great many interesting things can be predicted. Let's see what the outlook is for us.

While it is true that a child born now can count on five more years of life, on the average, than could one born in 1920, nine years more than in 1910, and eleven years more than in 1900, it is a fact that a man of 40 now does not have as good an outlook for long life as did one in 1920, and only slightly better than in 1910 or 1900. This apparent paradox is explained by the fact that the great strides made by science and medicine in prolonging life have had mostly to do with the diseases of childhood and early adult life, while the so-called "degenerative diseases" of past middle life are actually more frequent causes of death than ever before; consequently, fewer deaths are occurring before middle age and more deaths after. "The Great Divide" seems to be at age forty.

By studying the death rates from various diseases for different age groups we find that the greatest threats to life at some ages are comparatively unimportant at others. The shifting scene can be presented as a horse race, with the various causes of death representing the contestants, while the course is the succession of age-groups from "zero" to "three score and ten." This track takes the shape of a triangle, with the turns at ages 15 and 40; the horses leading at any "age-point" on the course are the greatest threats to life at that age.

As the contestants line up at the post for the start, old timers in the stands notice that several former favorites are missing. Infantile diarrhea and typhoid fever, who were "good tips" back in the beginning of the present century, have been "scratched" by Public Health Measures. Malaria and yellow fever fell in the ditch of Sanitary Engineering some years ago, and have not been able to run a good race since. Diphtheria, (Continued on page 52)



The finish: Heart disease, first; cancer, second; Bright's disease, third; apoplexy, fourth

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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COVER DESIGN: THE RAILSPLITTER
LONG LIVE ALL OF US
LINCOLN AND THE "BONUS"
BLUE TIGER

HOW STRONG ARE THE REDS?
HONK! HONK! NEW YORK OR BUST!
THEIR BIG MOMENTS

WINGS OVER MIAMI
SOUVENIR HOUND: *Conclusion*

WHY THEY GO OVER THE HILL
IT'S LEAP YEAR
EDITORIAL: NEUTRALITY AND THE UNIVERSAL DRAFT
ON ICE—AND HOT
FATHER TIME, LANDLORD
THE ENGINEERS SEE IT THROUGH
BURSTS AND DUDS

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WASHINGTON AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

THE world was in the midst of one of the most troubled periods of all history when George Washington wrote for his fellow citizens of a new nation advice which has come down through the ages. Now, in another period of world friction and uncertainty, Washington's words deserve rereading. The American Legion's policy of a strong national defense and strict neutrality is the policy which George Washington recommended. In this month of February, when posts everywhere observe the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, two great documents call for a rededication of fundamental patriotism—Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

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LINCOLN *and the* "BONUS"

By Blaine Brooks Gernon

HIGH up on a bluff on the west bank of the winding Sangamon River, on a hastily-made crooked road that connected Lewiston with Springfield, Illinois, rested the little hamlet of New Salem.

All was quiet and peaceful in New Salem that sixteenth day of April, 1832, save for the shouts of laughter that drifted out the doors of Jack Clary's saloon at the top of the hill.

Up the steep hill dashed a rider, his horse swathed in foam. Stopping at the post office to throw off a bundle of hand bills, he continued to other hamlets, like Paul Revere of old. Samuel Hill, testy little postmaster, read one of the bills carefully and then nailed it in a prominent place in front of the store. War had come!

The word quickly spread, and soon everyone was crowding around the post office. Came John Cameron, Graham the schoolmaster, Jacob Bale, miller, Doctors Allen and Regenier, James Cameron, tavern keeper, Alec Furgeson, tanner and shoemaker, Bob Johnson, wheelwright, Henry Onstott, cooper, and Josh Miller, blacksmith. Came also Martin Wadell, hatter, Reuben Radford, storekeeper, Jack Kelso, loafer, and Jack Clary himself. Came, too, the women folk.

Came also twenty-three-year-old Abraham Lincoln, one-time grocery and mill assistant, now out of a job and running for the legislature. His body looked tough and hard, and so it was, for he worked at everything he could lay his hands to, from farming and woodcutting to boating and hunting. He read that handbill, slowly and carefully, for that was the way his mind worked.

The bill began: "Your country requires your services," and after a short résumé of the crimes and terrors being perpetrated by the Indians against the whites called for a rendezvous at Beardstown for the 22d. "Provisions for men and horses will be provided in abundance."



Captain Abraham Lincoln of the Sangamon County Volunteers in the Black Hawk War—a statue at Dixon, Illinois, executed by Leonard Runelle

Countrymen were urged to realize the expectations of the Governor and "to offer their services as heretofore with promptness and cheerfulness in the defense of their country." It was signed by the Governor of Illinois, John Reynolds, belovedly called "The Old Ranger" for his previous services in skirmishes against the Indians in the old days.

For once Lincoln did not hesitate. His grandfather, Captain Abraham Lincoln, had been killed by an Indian. He now had no steady job or family to hold him back. He might have to forego his ambition to go to the legislature, but war was worth it. Besides, the Constitution of 1818 made every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five years a member of the militia, probably for just such situations. And so they joined up—every man in and around New Salem who could go: Slicky Bill Green, son of the justice, Jack Armstrong, the wrestler, Bill Kirkpatrick, Traveice Elmore, Joe Hoheimer, Bill Berry, son of the preacher, John and David Rutledge, and Abraham Lincoln. They were a hilarious crowd indeed, albeit a motley one, for they were without uniforms and some were mounted and others on foot. Was it cavalry or infantry? It was both, and artillery as well.

Five days later, at Richland, they stopped to elect officers, for this was a democratic army. Lincoln, the best wrestler, fighter, runner, and jumper was made captain. He was also good at book-learning, for he could read and write. Above all, he was a quick wit and a born leader. At Beardstown next day they joined the Illinois Volunteers, one thousand, six hundred men, Lincoln's company being attached to the Fourth Regiment under Colonel Samuel M. Thompson, in the brigade commanded by General Samuel Whiteside. This great show of military force then proceeded across country to Yellow Banks, from which (Continued on page 58)

BLUE TIGER

By
Samuel
Scoville, Jr.

WHAT happened when the champion of Asia, let loose in a train wreck to roam the Rockies, did battle to the death with the grizzly bear, champion of North America

"TEN thousand miles for a blue tiger!" exclaimed the Khan of the Haidar, and heaved himself to his feet in the black tent.

Bob Maher, the little hunter who supplied most of the larger zoological gardens of the world with rare animals, made no reply. From where he sat, cross-legged, on a saffron-yellow carpet, the moon showed like a worn silver coin through the drifting clouds, and he could see blossoming cherry trees and fields of white poppies, while the air of the valley tasted like sweet, iced wine after the hot sand and salt of the Gobi.

The Khan's eyes, half hidden in folds of fat, glittered like crumbs of black glass as he studied the face of his imperturbable guest.

"A week ago a man came by night to steal sweet potatoes," he said at last. "He was heard to scream—once. The next morning great tracks and a pool of blood were found in the field. That killer lives in a cave at the far side of the valley. Take him and welcome."

Maher knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stood up.

"I shall need twelve hunters to catch him alive," he remarked quietly.

The Khan brought his great hands together with a crash.

"The man is mad," he shouted. "A blue tiger must be trailed to his cave and fought to the death in the dark. No man has ever taken one alive."

"This man will," said Maher shortly. "After I've caught him, you will have a new rifle and a hundred cartridges and each hunter a tonan of silver."

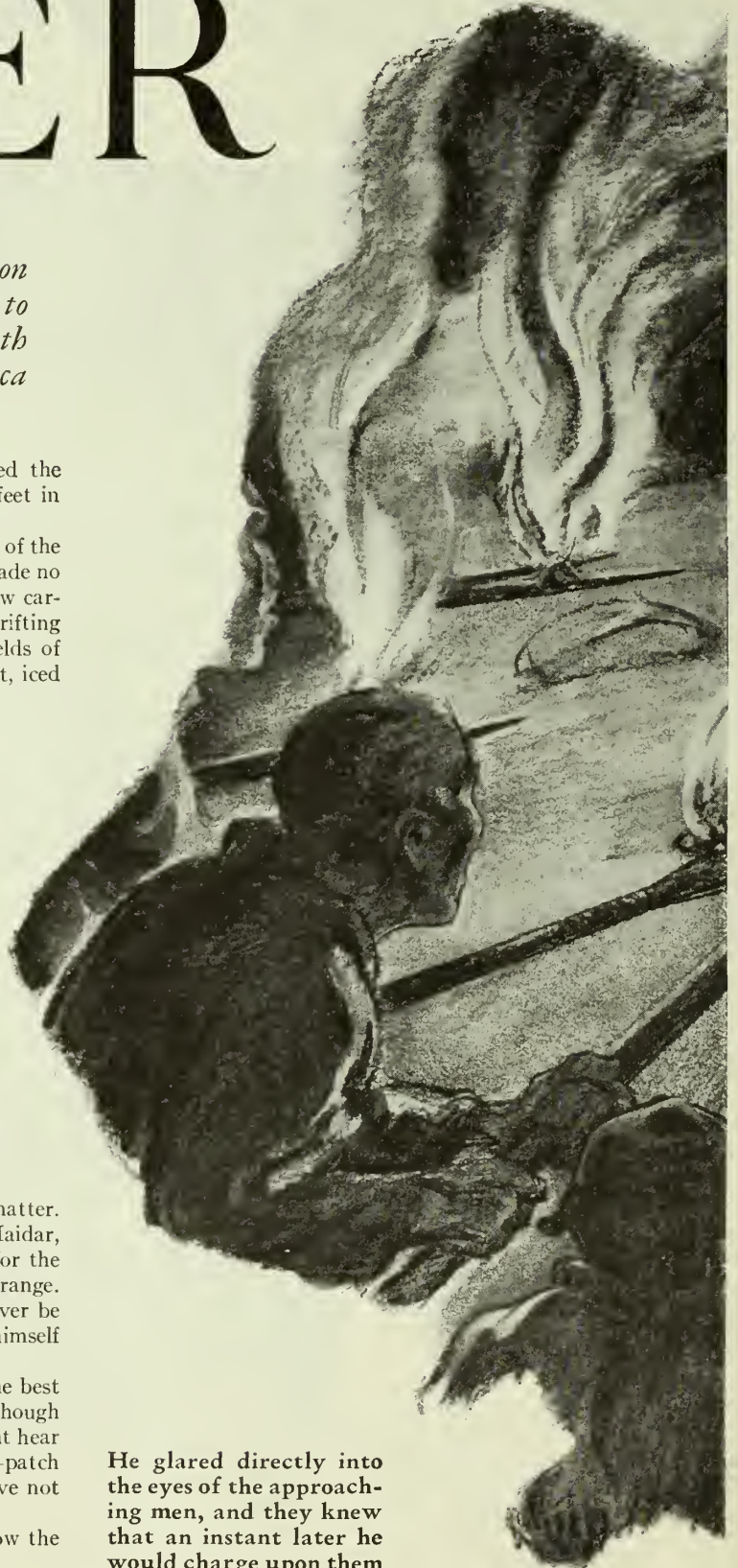
There was a long pause while Khan pondered the matter. A modern rifle was worth its weight in gold among the Haidar, who did their hunting and conducted their blood-feuds, for the most part, with smooth-bores of uncertain aim and short range.

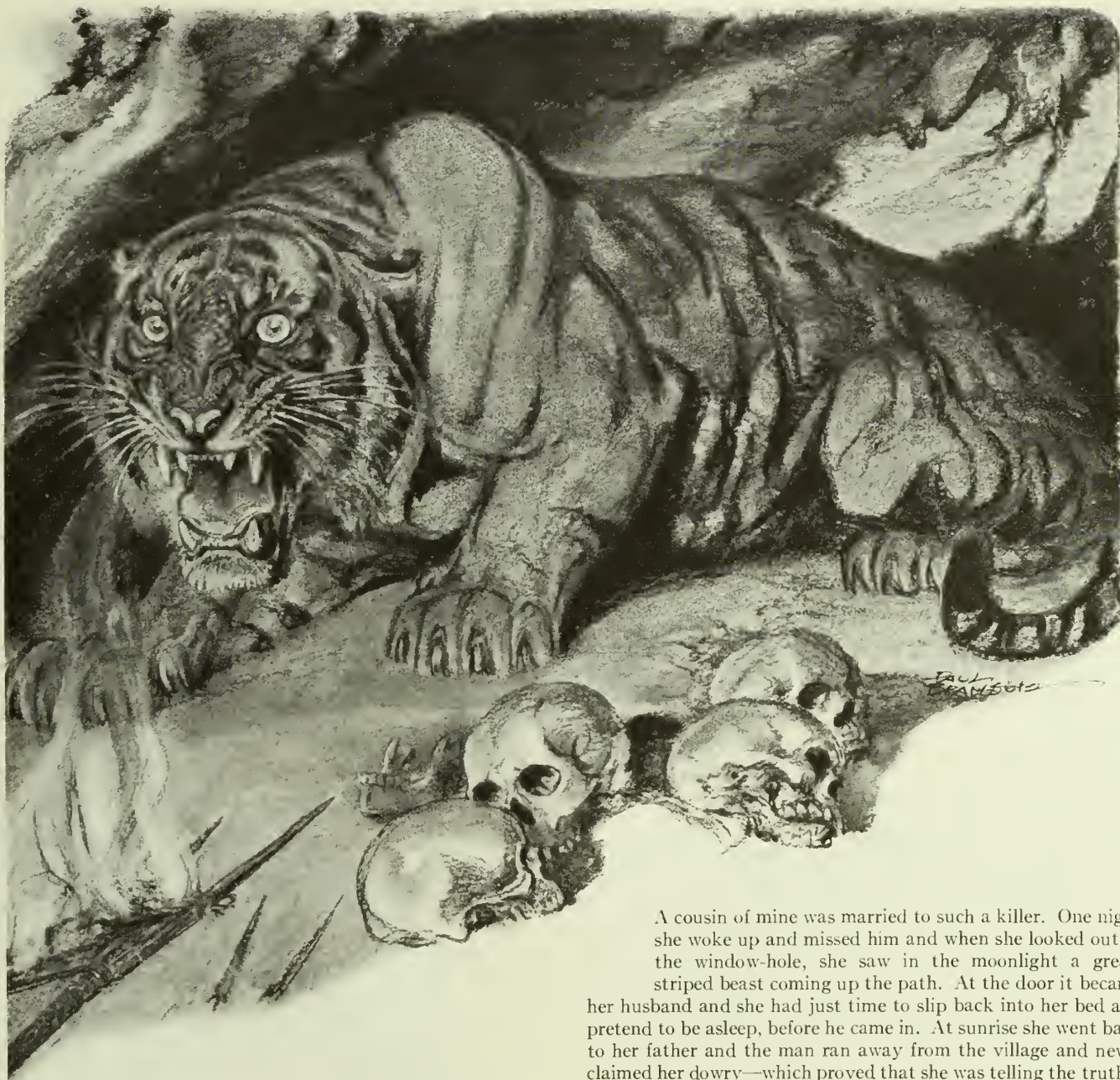
"I'll go with you," he finally capitulated. "It shall never be said that a khan of the Haidar sent his hunters where he himself dared not go."

The next night Maher sat long at the camp-fire with the best hunters of the tribe, who talked nothing but tiger, although not one of them would call the beast by name, lest he might hear and come. They all agreed that the killer of the potato-patch was of the blue breed and lived across the valley in a cave not far from a deserted lamasery.

"Why can't he be baited outside of his den, if you know the place?" inquired Maher.

He glared directly into the eyes of the approaching men, and they knew that an instant later he would charge upon them





The hunters looked at each other askance and no one answered for a moment.

"The Blue Death is a man-killer," said the oldest one at last. "Even if we tried to toll him out with the body of one whom he had killed, yet would the dead man warn him."

"I have seen it with my own eyes," he insisted, as Maher shook his head. "Once, years ago, I hunted a man-killer on the Amur. He had killed and the body had been left where it lay. At twilight I climbed with my gun into a tree nearby. Towards midnight the Striped One came. Even as I heard him in the long grass near my tree, the corpse below raised an arm and pointed its finger at me until the Grandfather of Stripes stole away without giving me a shot. When he was gone, the arm of the dead man dropped back as before."

"'Tis so," agreed another hunter. "He whom the Striped One kills warns him and guides him to the homes of his enemies. The only way to hunt a man-killer of the blue breed is in his cave with pitchfork and gun."

"Man-killers are bad," broke in a wizened little Ghond, who had wandered up from the South. "Sometimes, however, the striped ones change their shapes and that is worse."

*Illustrations
by
Paul Bransom*

A cousin of mine was married to such a killer. One night she woke up and missed him and when she looked out of the window-hole, she saw in the moonlight a great, striped beast coming up the path. At the door it became her husband and she had just time to slip back into her bed and pretend to be asleep, before he came in. At sunrise she went back to her father and the man ran away from the village and never claimed her dowry—which proved that she was telling the truth," he concluded sagely.

"Yes," chimed in another. "When I was a boy and lived with my people at the edge of the Gobi, late one night a stranger came and knocked on the door and begged to be let in, for that he had lost his way. My father saw him through the window-hole and liked him not and refused to unbar the door. Then, as the man became angry, his body swelled and black stripes showed here and there across his back and he went away roaring terribly."

"Be the Blue One a man-killer, a were-tiger, or the devil himself, we'll take him," Maher assured them.

Then the hunters showed him their equipment. Four of them owned old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets. The others were armed with long, double-pointed spears. Between the prongs were fastened torches dipped in pitch, which, when lighted, burned furiously. Armed with these pitchforks of flame and steel they would follow a cave-tiger into his den and hold off his charge until the gun-men killed him. Usually, they admitted, the tiger took a toll of his attackers before he went down.

"Tomorrow not a man shall be hurt and those who stand fast shall have a great reward," was Maher's last word as they separated for the night.

The next morning the hunting party, well-mounted and led by the Khan himself, started for the distant cave.

"Yu-lu, yu-lu, lu-lu," shouted the Haidar riders, that signal which starts desert horses into a run, and the little company swept across the valley like a charge of cavalry.

charge, while the red depths of his half-open mouth, with the gray-blue tongue curled back, showed the four terrible fangs of his kind. A wide ruff stood out around his neck, while his ears were folded back like those of an angry cat and his thirteen long, white whiskers bristled stiffly.

It was the eyes, however, set in patches of charcoal-black which had in them that unearthly quality of dread which makes the tiger feared above any other created beast. There was a green flare through their blaze of orange flame and in their lurid depths were a menace and a cruelty not of earth. For once they glared directly into the eyes of the approaching men, for only when a tiger is about to charge will he face the eyes of a human.

"Move out toward the sides and leave a clear space in the middle," came again the unconcerned voice of Maher. "Keep your torches steady and don't move a step backward, no matter what he does. Not one of you will be hurt if you stand fast."

For a long minute, with lowered head the grim brute stared at the men before him on the chance that under the spell of his deadly eyes they might retreat—and the man who turns his back on a charging tiger is doomed indeed.

In that precious fragment of time, working with desperate haste, the American spread the second net in front of that narrow passage through which they had come and with cocked rifle moved with his men to the right flank of the attacking party.

Suddenly, with another roar which made the torches flicker like blown candles, the tiger charged. He did not spring through the air, as tigers are so often pictured, but rushed forward with a smooth, pacing motion at the right front of the hunters, led by the Khan. The old chief did not give back an inch but with a shout thrust his blazing torch into the great beast's open jaws, while the double points of his spear pierced the thick skin of his neck.

With another roar the tiger swung sharply to the left, only to meet such a ring of fire and steel that he threw himself back on his haunches and with a snarl of rage and pain, rushed directly into the space which by Maher's orders had been left open for him.



For a moment the tiger and the bear, panting from their preliminary skirmish, faced each other before their fight to a finish

In an instant he had flashed between the ranks of the hunters and was making for the apparently unguarded exit from the cave. As he reached the first net, his paws caught in its interstices and he rolled over and over. Even then, with care, he might have freed himself, but finding that he was trapped, he went wild with rage and plunged and slashed at the ropes which held him until he was entangled inextricably in the tough, yielding meshes.

Instantly Maher sprang forward with the other net and threw it over the struggling animal and in a few seconds he was completely ensnared. Then Maher, with the skill of long experience, wound ropes around and around the striped monster, knotting them deftly here and there, until the tiger lay bound and helpless on the floor of the cave.

Even then the hunters were afraid to touch their raging captive and it was not until the Khan himself showed his tremendous strength by lifting the great cat a foot from the ground that his men thronged around him and carried the snarling tiger outside of

the cave. From there he was borne across the valley in triumph and the old Khan, his hunters, and most of all the little American were acclaimed as heroes of the first water by the assembled tribe.

That night the Khan made a great feast for his guest. There were flocks of boiled chickens, bowls of lime sherbet and pistachio nuts floating in date juice, vast platters of rice pilau, seasoned with mint, mountains of roast mutton, with crushed walnuts and raisins and curds and buttermilk, perfumed with attar of roses, for dessert.

When the last wedge of rice, soaked in ghee, and the last bit of mutton were gone, the little hunter presented to each man who had entered the cave with him, double the promised reward in silver, while the Khan received not only a new Mannlicher rifle with telescopic sights, but also an American shotgun with a plentiful store of ammunition.

"These be given to brave men for brave deeds," was Maher's after-dinner speech, delivered in Urdu. The Khan and his followers were delighted beyond measure.

"Never before have I heard any foreign devil speak so well," remarked the old chief and he bestowed upon his guest one of the smoky-green emeralds which the Haidar find now and then in the stream-beds of their mountains. It was slightly flawed, to be sure, but well-meant, and the little hunter received it with a fitting acknowledgment in very best Urdu.

The next morning the captured animal was placed in a specially constructed cage, which Maher had brought with him, made of light, tough slabs of penang wood, fitted with thick, iron bars at one end and just large enough for its occupant to stand up in. The blue tiger traveled in those cramped quarters clear across the Pacific and landed in due time at Vancouver, in British Columbia, where his owner sold him at a fabulous price to the agent of a New York syndicate. Contrary to Maher's advice, the great cat was transferred to a much larger cage with long bars, where he could take plenty of exercise.

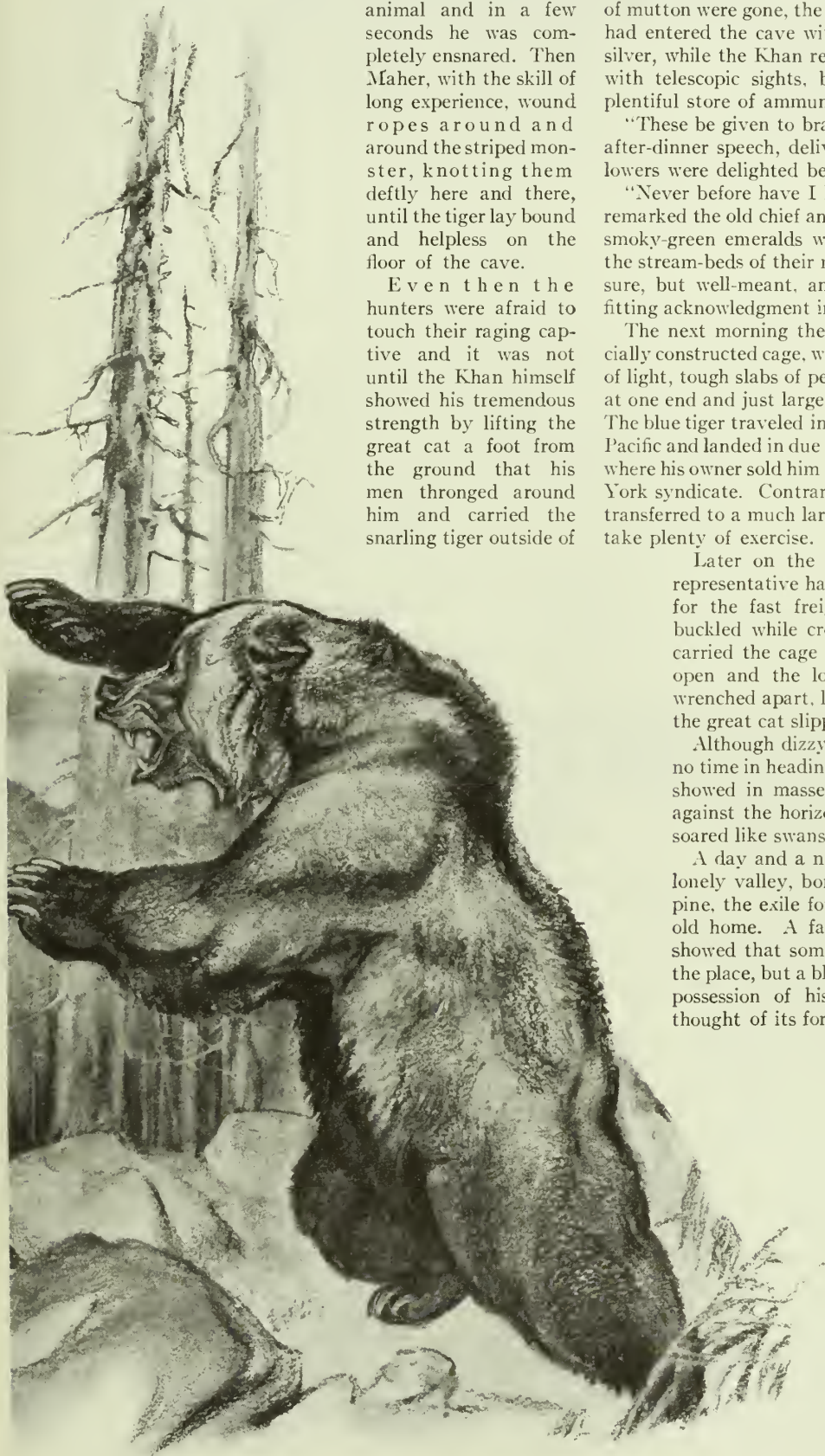
Later on the syndicate deeply regretted that their representative had not taken the animal expert's advice, for the fast freight on which the tiger was shipped buckled while crossing the mountains. The car which carried the cage left the tracks and its whole side split open and the long, thin bars of the new cage were wrenched apart, leaving a gaping opening through which the great cat slipped.

Although dizzy and half stunned by the crash, he lost no time in heading for the foot-hills of the Rockies, which showed in masses of cinnabar, indigo and drake-green against the horizon, while beyond, the still, white peaks soared like swans.

A day and a night he traveled fast and far until in a lonely valley, bordered with Douglas fir and lodge-pole pine, the exile found a cave which reminded him of his old home. A faint, musky scent clinging to its sides showed that some other animal was accustomed to use the place, but a blue tiger fears nothing and that one took possession of his new home without even a passing thought of its former occupant.

For an hour or so he lay in the dusk of the cave resting. Then his half-open eyes saw something move at the far side of the valley and out into the sunlight from the woods came a troop of mule-deer, with enormous ears and white, black-tipped tails, a dozen bucks herding together until the mating season came again.

It seemed incredible that an animal eleven feet long and weighing eight hundred pounds could make itself invisible and move across almost open ground, without giving a sign of its presence. Yet that was what the tiger did. Taking advantage of every patch of grass, (Continued on page 59)



HOW STRONG

BY FREDERICK PALMER

PLACE, Moscow, Russia. Occasion, the Seventh Congress of the Communist Internationale.

A red time was had by all in the motherland of the reds.

Every day of the session, which lasted more than a month last summer, was another grand red day for the delegates of many races who had come to the fountain source of wisdom for counsel and instructions.

The archmasters of agitprop (agitation-propaganda) of the World Revolution had the seats of honor on the platform. Banked before them were the lesser masters.

All rejoiced in an archmaster's report of distress and unemployment in his homeland. Bad news was good news to all. They cheered the forecasts of future disorders and uprisings. Therein was the glad promise of the overthrow of governments and ensuing chaos which would open the way for a communistic paradise like unto Russia's. The more that the comrades of any land had done to hasten chaos the more frenzied the roar of approval at the close of a speech, the more spirited the singing of the Red Flag and the Internationale.

PLACE, anywhere in the United States. Occasion, when a reference is made to communism in the course of conversation.

It is to laugh. Let the wild men rage. Let the nuts have their picnic to air their lunacies. What could the Moscow Congress have to do with us? The American reds are a few mouthy crack-brains hipped on publicity. The meager vote of the communist party in national elections shows how negligible it is.

This was my own view. But it occurred to me that, without sufficient information, I had just reasoned: "You can't scare me with that bogey-man." So I set out to learn more about the Reds and their methods in our country.

I found that to dismiss them as nuts or because of the meager communist vote so far is only to aid them in camouflaging their system. The Moscow Congress has much to do with the United States.

There is no denying the eloquence of the speeches at that all-world gathering. Agitprop calls for the gift of words. But the ability to hold a crowd in a hall or on a street corner is only one of its requirements these days.

Tactics and training have

become supreme. Agitprop's most telling influences are those of which we are unconscious. They penetrate quarters where they are unrealized. They are busy in our colleges and schools, in the ranks of labor, the councils of employers and the halls of legislation. They seek converts in the Army and the Navy; they make men and women who loathe communism on principle speak the voice of Moscow; they utilize others' causes, which have public favor, as the unwitting agents of their own cause.

Not that there need be any alarm about a red dictator immediately occupying the White House; but we have trouble enough to look after without encouraging communist agitprop to make us more. The thing is to be practical and factual.

Now back to Moscow. Who is this bowing before the thunderous applause of the delegates? It is Earl Browder, little known to the masses of Americans, but well known to his audience. He is the General Secretary of the American Communist party, which is the same position that Stalin holds in Soviet Russia.

He held the comrades in a spell for ninety minutes. For there was good news from capitalist America. At the time the Congress was held, July-August 1935, the depression still lay heavy upon us.

A cabled report of Browder's speech appeared the next day (July 29th) in the *Daily Worker* of New York, which carries the sub-title "Central Organ of the Communist Party U. S. A. (Section of Communist Internationale)." Between *Daily* and *Worker* is a representation of the hammer and sickle, which is the emblem of the Soviets just as the swastika is that of the Nazis.



Earl Browder, spokesman for American communists, as shipboard reporters interviewed him on his return from the meeting of the Seventh Communist Congress at Moscow

are the REDS ?



Sessions of the Communist Congress convening in the Soviet capital were held under heroic size paintings of the patron saints of Communism, with the inscription "Long live the great invincible banner of [left to right] Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin" in four languages

Browder told the delegates that the American Communist party "had fulfilled the chief tasks assigned to it at the Sixth World Congress." There had been a three-fold increase of membership, cadres developed for mass work, a huge expansion among Negroes, success in the youth movement through the Young Communist League, growing influence in the Socialist party, in all radical movements, among the membership of the Y.M.C.A. and other religious groups and further entrenchment among the trades unions. The race in the United States was "between communism and fascism for the leadership of the masses."

"We have naturalized in America the slogan for Soviet power," he declared. "Following Lenin's advice in 1918 the (American) Communist party appropriated the traditions of 1776."

The Moscow Congress came twenty-one months after the Soviet nation had pledged itself to cease communist propaganda in the United States in return for the resumption of diplomatic relations. We had refused to recognize a government, however strong, which was a party to an effort to undermine and overthrow our own government.

At the time of recognition it was generally accepted that Stalin had bidden the Comintern (Communist International) to lay off propaganda in the United States. Now, secure in power, the last rebel shot or silenced, it appeared that the Soviets had given up crusading for revolution among other peoples, and, as a new

member of the League of Nations, sought a respectable place in the family of nations.

We were repeatedly assured that the Comintern headquarters in Moscow were those of a private organization which had no more official connection with the Soviet government than a fraternal order has with our Government. No all-world congress had been held since 1928. The talk was that another never would be held.

But Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Minister, who negotiated recognition, had not resigned from the Comintern. Its offices were in government buildings. High officials of the Soviet remained directors of the Comintern.

Moscow made the point of appearing good until it had recognition, and later until it had to dismiss the hope of getting loans from us without recognizing the debts due for damages done to American property by their revolution. Then it called the Seventh Congress.

Browder's speech led our Government to protest with a stiff note emphasizing the breach of faith. Moscow's curt answer was that it could not take upon itself "obligations of any kind with regard to the Communist International." This was pretty fresh, but it was not all. We were unofficially reminded that we had better look to the mote in our own eye. Had we not been carrying on propaganda against the Soviets in America? There certainly had been some objection to harboring foreign agitprop for the overthrow of our Government. But we had not given official backing to an effort to undermine red rule in Russia. Anyone who undertakes that in Russia will be lucky if he gets a term in jail instead of being shot.

The master voice of the Comintern is Stalin's. He gave the word for the Seventh Congress. No public (Continued on page 55)

HONK! HONK!

NEW YORK OR BUST!

*By
H. Nelson Jackson*



In 1903 manpower frequently took the place of horsepower

THE stake was fifty dollars and the bet was that I could drive an automobile from San Francisco to New York City in less than three months.

In the year 1936, with several choices of broad, hard-surfaced, well-marked transcontinental highway routes, dotted with highly competitive service stations, garages, hot-dog stands, tourist camps and other adjuncts of modern motoring—with any and every new car on the market capable of the trip as a mere break-in jaunt—that seems like a sucker bet.

But when that wager was made in the University Club in San Francisco on the 10th of May, 1903, the continent had yet to be crossed by automobile for the first time. The bet climaxed a club-room discussion in which the majority opinion expressed was, that save for short distances the automobile was an unreliable novelty, a passing mechanical fancy which thinking men could not do other than discard as The Horse continued to demonstrate his proper place as the dependable servant of mankind for travel and burden.

On a vacation visit from Vermont with my wife, I was then thirty-one years of age. Until I had bought my first automobile a short time before I had been something of a horse-fancier, owning a small stable of thoroughbreds. But I had succumbed com-

pletely to a primary enthusiasm for the new-fangled horseless buggy.

Total registration of automobiles in the United States in the year just closed had been only 23,000 (an increase from four in 1895) and although several attempts had been made to cross the continent by car, all had failed as drivers encountered sandy wastes in the deserts. Profiting by that knowledge I reasoned that the one chance of success was to select a more northerly course in the initial stages, although it meant adding a thousand or more miles to the journey.

May I say that the sixty-three days spent blazing that trail produced more thrills than all my World War experiences, when it was my fortune to be wounded three times. Sharing my adventures with unfaltering spirits was Sewall K. Crocker, an ingenious mechanic and above that a first-class soldier from Tacoma, Washington, whom I had the good fortune to sign up as chauffeur. A third party joined us in Idaho, a bull pup named

Bud—the one member of the trio who used no profanity on the entire trip.

Any chance of profiting from my modest bet vanished in my haste to get started, when it became necessary to pay a premium over the \$2500 list price to the private owner of a four-weeks-old stock 1903 Winton touring car, sport-model two-place. Twenty horses was the power rating of that fine old chariot, which still rests in my stable at Burlington, Vermont. Windshields were gadgets yet to be



Thomas Henderson, Vice-President of the Winton Company, heads the Cleveland delegation which greets the transcontinental tourists at Elyria

evolved, as also were spare-tire racks. The single spare with which we started was secured to the radiator hood.

Four days after the bet was made—at 1 P. M. on Saturday, May 23d—we were driving towards the Oakland Ferry while Mrs. Jackson was en route home by train. Only one other ferry was used on the entire trip, over Snake River on the Oregon-Idaho boundary. Lacking highway bridges at other water barricades in the West, we either bumped over ties on railroad trestles between train schedules, forded streams, or worked the machine across by block-and-tackle.

Planning to sleep where night caught us, we started out with complete camping and cooking outfits, the single spare tire, extra spark plugs and a few tools.

The beginning of our journey was auspicious enough. Over broad roads of clay and sand, good highways for those days, we made excellent time into Sacramento. There we remained a day supplementing our equipment, notably adding a special headlight in preparation for night driving. Our flickering side-lanterns were useless to illuminate the road.

Study of maps for the next leg decided us on a route slightly west of north up the Sacramento Valley for two hundred miles. With the Sierra Nevada range ever looming forbiddingly to the east we chugged and jolted on through farming and fruit country, past vineyards and hydraulic mining camps. The roads steadily grew worse save for a few miles in the vicinity of Vina where the late Leland Stanford, an early exponent of the good-roads movement, had managed to demonstrate his beliefs. Ahead of us like a guide-post towered Mount Shasta.

Roads were a compound of ruts, bumps and thank-you-marms, raising dust clouds that literally enveloped us in choking invisibility. We never noticed as our cooking utensils jolted off one by one. When we discovered our loss we could not afford to

One reason why the trip from Pacific to Atlantic took sixty-three days

lucky not to have lost our block tackle, for bit by bit our equipment was disappearing, including my own spectacles and fountain pen. It became necessary to have made a special leather bag so that our precious tools would not be scattered along our trail.

Our first real test as trail-blazers came in the route we selected into lower Lake County, Oregon, from the upper Sacramento Valley at Anderson, California, for it was entirely away from the railroad and was planned to carry us through sparsely-settled country until we struck the Oregon Short Line.

Now there confronted us the tortuous trail over the lofty Sierra Nevadas, steep, rocky, narrow, crossed by rushing mountain torrents, which last we welcomed, however, to let the car's hot tires cool. Often the trail narrowed to ten feet, one-way



Omaha turns out to inspect the marvel of the age. Note the sign on the side of the building

turn back to seek them. Then and there we decided to live off the country.

Followed a siege of adobe roads, which when wet clotted on spokes and packed on mud-guards so that the wheels could barely turn until it was cleared away. Tire troubles then began on rock-strewn trails, and once, trying to shoot a mountain brook in high, we were left stranded in mid-stream, necessitating use of our block-and-tackle to extricate the machine. We were

thoroughfares established by nature. Sometimes it was necessary to remove boulder blockades by hand. Slipping on shale and loose rocks, weaving around mountain ledges, we staked our careers against none too reliable brakes on steep descents. It is still possible to raise goose-flesh after thirty-three years by recalling certain hair-pin turns where, jolting and skidding, we suddenly looked down unfenced sheer precipices.

Such experiences provided constant (Continued on page 47)

THEIR BIG

\$100 Prize
"YOU LUCKY DEVILS!"

THE 38th Infantry had been up on the Marne since Memorial Day, 1918. It was now Bastille Day, July 14. A runner summoned me to report at company headquarters at Moulins at once. I found Lieutenant Healey and Sergeant Bailey already there.

"You men are to report at regimental headquarters at midnight to return to America as instructors. You'll be relieved at ten o'clock tonight," said the captain. "You lucky devils!" he added.

We shook hands all around, departed for our several posts along the Paris-Metz railroad. I made up my pack and when it got dark slipped over and bade my brother good-bye.

At ten o'clock, no relief; twelve o'clock, and still no relief, but the barrage that presaged the Second Battle of the Marne arrived. "I'll have to wait until this is over," I thought.

The barrage kept up till dawn, when they started over on pontoon bridges. About noon, having lost half my men, I sent a runner back to headquarters for reinforcements, another to my right flank to contact the French.

Soon one runner returned, saying the French had retreated and the Germans had come up on our right flank. Another came up asking for instructions, as Lieutenant Healey and Sergeant Bailey had been killed. "No United States for them," I thought mournfully.

The runner returned from headquarters with this note, "No reinforcements available, hold at any cost." "And no United States for me, either," I said to myself. A little later I was plugged five times, went down for the count when my lower jaw was partly shot away, lost eight teeth, and spent ten months in hospital.—W. M. JONES, *Bigler, Pennsylvania.*

HEREWITH the fourth series of Big Moment stories, announcement of which has been carried in each issue of the Monthly since September. Another instalment will

\$50 Prize
IT TOOK COURAGE

INDEED all thrills do not go to the ex-army men. I am a wife, and mother of three. Last summer while on a vacation my husband had a sudden appendicitis attack 250 miles from home, on the Lake of the Ozarks. I gave him first aid, applied ice packs, got a doctor after four hours, put my husband in the back seat of the family car, with a can of ice, and small daughter to watch him, stuck the two boys in front with me driving the old bus a steady forty miles an hour, stopping only to give him another shot of morphine, and fresh ice pack, and get gasoline for the car, as the doctor had told me he had six hours before another perhaps fatal attack, with the only alternative getting him to the nearest hospital ninety miles distant over rough roads, and a strange doctor to operate.

I took the long shot, and made for home and my own doctor. Wired ahead for reservations and to my doctor, only to find he had left ten minutes ahead of my arrival, so took another surgeon, who gave my husband spinal anesthetic and operated immediately, beating gangrene by a scant half hour, also pneumonia.

My right leg was paralyzed for several hours after getting out of the car, but I sat through the operation and encouraged him till he was back in his hospital bed, and sat up all night with only a cup of coffee and a sandwich as food. So life goes on as usual! Said husband is an ex-army officer who saw a year's front-line service in France.—MRS. W. H. FITZPATRICK, *St. Joseph, Missouri.*



She sat on the running board while it sped on, the driver unaware of her peril

MOMENTS

appear in the March issue. Rules governing the contest, in which five hundred dollars a month is awarded, are given at the conclusion of this month's stories

\$50 Prize A CHASE FOR A LIFE

ONE day last summer while sitting on my porch, I noticed my neighbor drive out of his garage. As he turned and sped up the street to a late appointment, I was horrified to see his little three-year-old girl sitting on his running board—I screamed a warning but he did not hear me above the hum of his motor. I called to his wife and together we set out after him in my machine.

As the father drove on, unaware of the danger, the police who were cruising that street turned and took up the chase. Soon several motorists trailed his car, yelling and honking horns to attract his attention. Passersby waved frantically, but thinking they were gesturing to some one else, he paid no heed. The mother was hysterical and every moment we expected to see the child dashed to the street. After fifteen blocks, the police overtook the father's machine and stopped him. Imagine his horror on being informed of what had happened. I ran to the child, expecting her to be paralyzed with fear. Instead, she was cuddling her doll and laughing gleefully over her thrilling ride, utterly unaware that it had been a near tragedy. She had entered the garage and was playing on the running board when her father stepped in the car from the opposite side and failed to notice her.—MRS. C. V. WILLIAMS, *Louisville, Kentucky.*

\$25 Prize AFTER THE CRASH

ONE night in late November, 1920, I was enroute with my crew of salesmen from Hazard to Harlan across the mountains of Kentucky. At Harlan I was to meet my wife whom I hadn't seen in three months, to attend a football game.

We were rounding a sharp curve at the top of Pine Mountain when, suddenly, out of the night came two headlights beaming

down on me. Realizing that a crash was inevitable, I applied the brakes and braced myself for the shock.

The next thing I knew we were upside down on the opposite side of the road, a mad jumble of arms, legs and suitcases. A hundred thoughts raced through my brain. What if the car should burst out in flames? What if someone is seriously injured or dead? Finally we succeeded in getting untangled and through the windows to safety. Aside from a few scratches and torn clothes we were none the worse off, except that the car was smashed up considerably. I rushed to the other car determined to pour forth all my wrath on the owner for his careless driving. I jerked open the car door and fell back stunned. I could not believe my eyes, for seated in back of the wheel was my wife, either dead or unconscious. Just then she stirred and opened her eyes. The impact had dazed her for the moment. That was one Big Moment for all of us, especially me. My wife had arrived in Lexington ahead of time. Not knowing that we had been ordered on to Harlan, she planned on surprising me in Hazard.

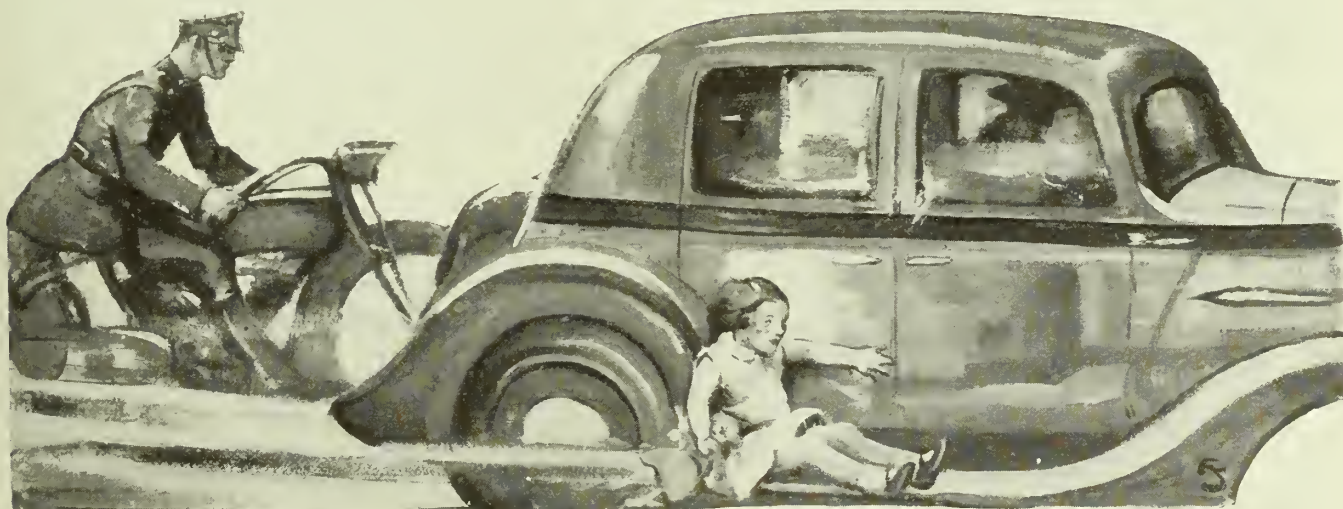
We made the game all right and a good time was had by all.—JOHN F. PICKENS, *Bellaire, Ohio.*

\$25 Prize THANKS TO THE LEGGINS

ON THE morning of the 31st of July, 1918, the 125th Infantry, 32d Division took off. Our objective was a hill beyond the town of Cierges, loaded with machine guns. Many fellows got theirs that day; they fell like tenpins all along the line. Just a hundred yards to go, I got a terrific wallop in the head that landed me in a shell-hole, tangled up with my chauchat rifle and half-dozen bandoliers of ammunition. I could have walked back then, but there was so much iron flying it was safer to wait.

When picked up I was exhausted from loss of blood; the bullet hit the upper right jaw, knocked out eight teeth, went through my tongue to lodge in my throat. My face was swollen beyond recognition. At the first-aid they gave me the regular shots and laid me in the row with those who needed no transportation. We were supposed to die there. I was in a tough spot, and couldn't talk. After an eternity, a wounded sergeant from my company, helping to load ambulance cases, passed near enough for me to kick out and trip him with my foot. He recognized a pair of non-issue wrapped leggins I had bought while on leave with him.

In two jerks I was in an ambulance on my way—to many a





"Seated in back of the wheel
was my wife"

future Legion convention, where I have many times met former Sergeant Jack Gilmore, Past State Commander, Department of Michigan.—EDWARD N. SAYERS, *Talmage, California*.

\$25 Prize REAL FOLKS

THE president of the college called a name. A fine, tall lad went to the platform. The gray-haired man beside me inaudibly whooped with joy as his youngest son received a B. S. degree. For the man, it was a climactic moment! For twenty-two continuous years, begun in 1913, he and his little grocery store had supported a son or a daughter in college—the reason for his clutch on life.

Intervening years had brought the war, influenza which took one son, business heartbreaks and ill health. His little store hung on poignantly—striking off bad debts and piling up new ones. It couldn't pay for a car and keep the kids in school, so there was no car. The groceryman's suit, on that day last June, was four years old and the mortgage on his home too big for romance. But he felt rich as Croesus!

A doctor recently warned, "Take care of yourself." I looked at the groceryman—a graduate of a fifth-grade rural school. I looked at the lovely Norwegian immigrant girl he had married and whose formal education had stopped at the age of twelve years. Together they and the little store had shouldered the enormous burden of twenty-two years of college life.

"Take care of yourself." What a comical thing to say to my

father!—MRS. K. J. SMITH, *Humboldt, Iowa*.

\$25 Prize IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE

CAN a dead man tell tales? Well, here is one who can.

It was late fall in 1919. Upon arriving home after the big conflict over there and being reported wounded and killed in action to my folks, imagine my surprise when friends and neighbors came rushing up to me saying, "Gee, it's great to see you back alive. Your folks told us you were killed in action." Yet a further and bigger surprise awaited me when I saw a gold star in the front window of our home.

On entering the kitchen mother, in mourning, was busy at the stove cooking dinner.

Tiptoeing up to her in my usual affectionate manner I put my hands over her eyes and said, "Guess who."

The shock was too great for my aged mother, who on hearing my voice looked around at me with eyes popping out and fainted.

After the family settled down to the fact that it was really me, they showed me telegrams from General Harris reporting me wounded and then killed in action. Last of all a picture of my grave in an American-French cemetery named Romagne.

I explained to my family that this was just one of the unfortunate soldiers who had been found

killed, with my lost identification tags on his person, and that he was buried in my stead.—WILLIAM A. ORRIS, *Chicago, Illinois*.

\$10 Prize HE SHOWED THEM

I WAS discharged from the hospital, May, 1919, totally disabled. While I was overseas I had corresponded with my boyhood sweetheart. I headed for home and wandered down to the old business place and found it gone completely. I finally picked up enough courage to go and see my girl friend. I was not aware of the talk that was going around the town about me, that the local doctor had given me but six months to live. I finally got drift of it and disgusted with the hardships I had gone through, prepared to leave town. But my girl persuaded me to stay, and later we were married, against the wishes of her friends.

A little girl was born to us. She seemed healthy enough but then again the criticisms flared much harsher than before. They started to feel sorry for the baby, saying that she was sick and that if she lived she would be sickly all her life.

Then our town had a baby show. We entered our little girl. There were 200 babies from all western Pennsylvania. After the judges had examined the babies the parents and babies were sent home. Next day my wife and baby and I were summoned to the building, and escorted to the platform, where our little girl was awarded a diamond ring for being the healthiest baby in the show, and she was second in the competition for the most normal and best proportioned baby in the show. Boy, was that a moment!—LOUIS ALTERICI, *Charleroi, Pennsylvania*.

Illustrations

by
Frank Street

\$10 Prize

THE ARMISTICE DAY TWINS

though the recent holiday will always be remembered, and how! In 1918, it was my luck to be on K. P. when the Armistice order arrived, so could not join in the activities. I became a grippe victim last November 7th. This period featured the events on Armistice Day. The program: At 9:30 in the morning, my wife was rushed to the hospital, but I could not go along. At 10, the American Legion parade went past, and from a bedroom window I received greetings of local and nearby posts. At 11, listened to the American Legion program at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Following a sickroom lunch, I dozed off and dreamed dreams of hospital, home and Army.

At 2:30, my mother awakened me with this message: "You are the father of Armistice afternoon twins, a son and daughter." That report would probably prove a big moment to anyone, but to me, it was a super de luxe biggest of moments . . . because the new twins are to be greeted at home by older twins, brothers, four years of age.

But as before, I could not celebrate.

An added big moment, in reverse English. Advised today that I must take a complete rest in bed for one month, due to chest condition discovered during grippe illness.—L. M. ANDERSON, *West Chester, Pennsylvania.*

\$10 Prize

THE LETTERS DID THE JOB

THE forethought of Captain Frank G. Ellis while living came back two years after his death and became the star witness in his son's claim for service disability.

I met Dennis Ellis in November, 1934. His spine was injured in the Navy and never healed. A chronic abscess keeps him bedfast much of the time. Ever since the war he had tried to get compensation, but failed.

We filed a new claim, he was examined; given a 55 percent rating, but as usual the claim was denied on insufficient evidence to service connect. All efforts to locate men with whom he served, failed.

I questioned him regarding his wartime correspondence and learned he'd exchanged letters regularly with his parents. Being a doctor in the Army, his father had written him advice on the treatment of his injury. But he had destroyed his father's letters and presumed his father had done the same.

After the war, Captain Frank Ellis remained in the service, examining veterans for pensions. He could have substantiated his son's claim. But they were men of character; both felt an affidavit from him would create the impression he was "gold-bricking" his son to a claim. He died without aiding him.

After our conversation Dennis Ellis returned home. In his father's old army trunk he found a bundle of wartime letters telling of his injury, of hospitalization. We chose five letters and sent them in. Two weeks later, Ellis received a permanent rating of \$55 per month and \$100 in back pay. The thing Captain Ellis longed to do for his son while living, he accomplished two years after his death.—BARNEY BARES, *Alhambra, California.*

\$10 Prize

"BON SOLDAT!"

IT MAY seem hard to believe that a man doing clerical duty in the Army Central Records Office at Tours could

have a big moment, but all things are comparative, and to me my moment was just as big as that runner's was to him, the one who carried the message through with a hole in his chest, as told in a recent issue of the Monthly.

All my boyhood I had wanted to be a soldier, but when war-time finally came, I found myself a rheumatic cripple of nearly seven years' standing hobbling painfully from class to class at Michigan Agricultural College. Then in April, 1917, my condition became so bad I couldn't get around at all, and I was forced to quit and go home.

The draft came that summer. I drew my number and was examined, the examination coming at a time when I was enjoying temporary relief, and to the surprise of myself and everyone else, I was accepted.

Then came a day in the summer of 1918 when the American Marines were covering themselves with glory and heartening every allied soldier and citizen alike with tangible proof that the Americans were great fighters. Blue and discouraged at my own uselessness, I was sitting in a café in Tours sipping wine while near me was a fine-looking, white-bearded old French gentleman reading a paper. He read avidly and apparently was much excited. Suddenly he jumped up, slapped me vigorously on the back several times, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Bon soldat! Bon soldat!"

That tribute, given not to me but to our buddies, gave to me the biggest thrill I have ever known!—S. F. BEATTY, *Three Rivers, Michigan.*

(Continued on page 38)



Twelve o'clock,
and still no relief

WINGS *over* MIAMI

by
BURT M.
McCONNELL

ON twenty-four hours' notice the United States Army Air Force gives impressive proof of its ability to mobilize and go into action quickly and to sustain itself in the field

DURING the first few days of last December, Miami, scene of the 1934 Legion Convention, witnessed the greatest concentration of modern military airplanes that this or any other large country has ever seen. There were little snub-nosed pursuit ships; long, rakish-looking attack planes; observation two-seaters, and heavy bombers—all capable of a speed of more than two hundred miles an hour. As they swept past the reviewing stand, above the white-capped waters of Biscayne Bay, they formed a sight that will never be forgotten, at least by this observer.

Twenty-nine of the Martin bombers had flown across the continent from California in the actual flying time of eleven hours and twenty-five minutes. The Selfridge Field pursuit planes had come from the vicinity of Detroit, with stops for fuel at Louisville, Atlanta, and Jacksonville. The attack planes came from Barksdale Field, near Shreveport, Louisiana. Dozens of National Guard planes converged upon Miami from eighteen States, and the Commanding General of the G. H. Q. Air Force landed in the transport plane that he has fitted up as a flying general headquarters. All that the Wing Commanders knew in advance was that sometime in December they would be called upon to move their flying equipment to a given point. When the order came, it gave the commanders twenty-four hours in which to concentrate their planes in Florida; the maneuver was completed, without a hitch, in exactly twenty-two hours and fifty minutes.

This was the first consolidated exercise of the nation's striking air force since it was organized in March, 1935. For air defense purposes, the United States is divided into three geograph-

ical areas—Eastern, Central, and Western. Tactical units, or Wings, in charge of a Wing Commander, are stationed at Langley Field, Virginia, Shreveport, Louisiana, Riverside, California. Major General Frank M. Andrews, with headquarters at Langley Field, is the Commanding General, and is directly responsible to the Chief of Staff at Washington.

General Andrews is in the same position General Pershing was in when he was sent to Mexico to break up the Villa band; he is a general in the field, with all the responsibility and authority the rank implies. He sometimes flies his own plane, but never permits the job of flying to interfere with the more important one of administering the Air Force. It is his duty to defend the sea-coasts of the United States, with a radius of action extending five hundred miles out to sea.

Here they come, there they go! Banking vertically, speedsters flash around a pylon during the Air Force maneuvers





A formation of Army planes ready for a dash of five hundred miles out to sea or for any emergency that may develop in defense of our shores

In the new organization's first test of its ability to mobilize and go into action quickly, and to sustain itself in the field, the general proved that it could be done. His flight commanders received secret orders, they carried them out without advance publicity; there were no serious crack-ups; and every plane that left its home State arrived on schedule. Moreover, they landed ready for action—which means they were prepared to load up with fuel and bombs, fly five hundred miles out to sea, and drop bombs on any hostile aircraft carrier that might be approaching our shores.

In order that the training thus received might have real value, the planes did not converge upon Florida in formation. Each pilot was on his own during the flight; this gave the younger pilots considerable experience in navigation and cross-country flying. Every plane, except the speedy pursuit ships of limited flying radius, was equipped with a direction-finding radio compass that could be tuned in, if necessary, on any commercial broadcasting station in the vicinity.

For the information of those who have not followed Army aviation closely, the G. H. Q. Air Force was organized to bring the fighting units of the Air Corps under one active field commander. The purpose of the December exercises was two-fold: 1. To test the Air Forces' communication facilities. 2. To determine how quickly the Air Force could be concentrated at any point within the United States. No effort was made to simulate war-time conditions, yet the pilots, navigators, gunners, observers, mechanics, technical sergeants, truck drivers, and radio operators received a thorough two-weeks' tryout under conditions closely approximating war-time field service.

For the first time in the history of the Air Force, the teletype was used in a consolidated field exercise; it became the first line of communication. Over it operators could send, to the widely scattered landing fields, a greater number of words per minute

than they could by radio. There was no interference by static; no fading; no possibility that the messages could be deciphered or the wires tapped. Each unit received, at the same instant, a clear, written record.

From his flying office, the Commanding General was able to send orders to other planes by radio, up to six hundred miles. Communications were almost as important as field kitchens. Captain Malcolm Stewart arrived at Miami Municipal Airport from Langley Field in a lumbering Ford transport at 12:30 P. M., with his staff; the trucks had arrived the day before. Unloading a reel of telephone wire from one of the trucks, they hitched one end to a motorcycle, and sent the rider the full length of the encampment. There a technical sergeant snipped off the wire. Enlisted men clambered up poles and attached the wire to the insulators at the top. By 3:30 that day they had set up two radio stations, established two trunk lines into Miami, attached twenty-one telephones to a switchboard—and taken time out for lunch.

TEMPORARY bath-houses were set up, and sanitary requirements provided for. (Tents and cooking equipment were sent ahead in trucks.) As each unit arrived, tents were set up and kitchens and mess halls established. They were still using the old sheet-metal wood-burning stoves, and steaks and onions were sizzling on them that cold, raw December morning when I visited one of the flying fields. It was mighty appetizing; I kept wishing the mess sergeant would offer me a steak-and-onion sandwich. He didn't.

Men and machines and airplanes marched and rumbled and roared into camp; Wing Commanders arrived at their destinations, and immediately took to the air again to report to headquarters, twenty or one hundred and fifty (Continued on page 56)

SOUVENIR

Synopsis of Part One

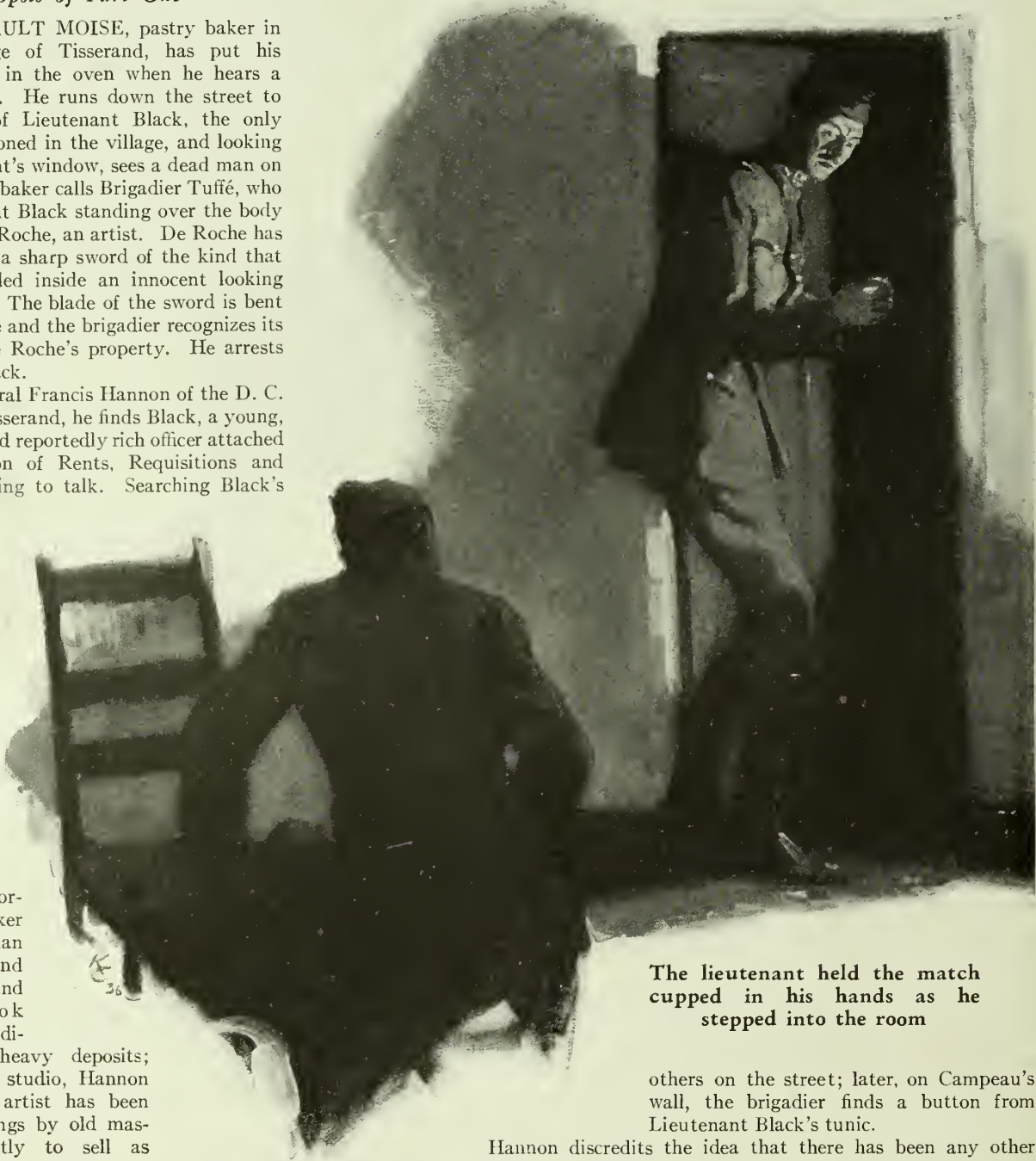
ARCHAMBAULT MOISE, pastry baker in the village of Tisserand, has put his night's baking in the oven when he hears a woman scream. He runs down the street to the quarters of Lieutenant Black, the only American stationed in the village, and looking in the lieutenant's window, sees a dead man on the floor. The baker calls Brigadier Tuffé, who finds Lieutenant Black standing over the body of Gregoire de Roche, an artist. De Roche has been killed by a sharp sword of the kind that can be concealed inside an innocent looking walking stick. The blade of the sword is bent at a right angle and the brigadier recognizes its scabbard as de Roche's property. He arrests Lieutenant Black.

When Corporal Francis Hannon of the D. C. I. arrives in Tisserand, he finds Black, a young, well dressed and reportedly rich officer attached to the Division of Rents, Requisitions and Claims, unwilling to talk. Searching Black's

room, the corporal finds a locker full of German iron crosses and belt buckles, and a check book whose stubs indicate recent heavy deposits; in de Roche's studio, Hannon discovers the artist has been forging paintings by old masters, apparently to sell as originals.

Hannon learns that the dead artist and Lieutenant Black have been friendly with two women. One is Madame Perruche, the village dressmaker, whose husband, a jealous, hard drinking fellow, is known, by circumstantial evidence, to have been near the scene of the crime. The second is the daughter of the Marquis of Campeau, wealthy owner of a foundry in the town.

While the corporal and the brigadier are investigating the murder, the marquis comes to the gendarmerie to report that there has been a prowler the night before in his house. In driving him off the marquis has cut his hand on glass. The brigadier insists that it has been a strange American, who has been seen by



The lieutenant held the match cupped in his hands as he stepped into the room

others on the street; later, on Campeau's wall, the brigadier finds a button from Lieutenant Black's tunic.

Hannon discredits the idea that there has been any other American in the village, but while he is alone in Black's quarters, searching for more evidence, he is surprised by a tall, shoddily dressed soldier, who points a pistol at his head and shouts, "I'm going to leave you have it this time!"

CONCLUSION

THE beam of Hannon's flashlamp wavered. It flickered against the beefy face of the huge American, picked out the patches of dried mud on his worn uniform, and flashed back from his small, hard eyes. Beyond the man, upon the bare wall of the room, it made a broken circle of illum-

HOUND

*By Karl
W. Detzer*



ination, so that Hannon saw the shadow of the fellow's hand with the gun in it, black against the plaster. So there *was* another American in Tisserand!

He tried to make his voice sound careless, as if facing a pistol were a common occurrence to him.

"Put that thing away, big boy," he said. "Liable to hurt somebody."

The man's broad mouth tilted up at both corners like a pleased Buddha's. His left eye twitched. His hand swayed slightly. But he did not speak and made no effort to obey, so Hannon repeated the order.

"Sure. Liable as hell to hurt somebody," the fellow replied, his voice dripping insolence. "This ain't a teething ring, or anything, lieutenant. And the somebody that'll get hurt happens to be you. Understand, shavetail?"

"Put it up!" Hannon bade.

The corners of the wide mouth drew down again.

"Where was you last night?" the soldier persisted. "Come

to see you and you run out on me. You broke my heart, shavetail!"

Last night! The words jolted Hannon's memory briefly away from his present jeopardy to the business that had brought him to Tisserand in the first place. Last night, in this room, the artist de Roche had been murdered. This fellow's shoulders were so broad and his hands so big, it might be easy to understand the blade of that sword stick, bent double, here by the artist's body.

"Where was you, shavetail?" the man repeated, still insolent, still enjoying himself immensely. "Why don't you stay home now and then?"

"It happens I'm not a shavetail," Hannon answered, sparring for time. "Think you're talking to Lieutenant Black? Well, big boy, you're barking up the wrong tree. I'm not Black."

The man cried sharply, "Turn that light around so's I can look at you! And no monkey business, understand? Turn it on yourself!"

Hannon complied. He bent his wrist, so that the beam fell against his own face and bored into his eyes. But he held it there only momentarily. He must not be blinded; the man might be tricking him.

But the other agreed, with disappointment in his voice, "No, you're not him. Who the hell are you, then? His dog robber? Dog robber to a rat? That's a good one!" He laughed humorlessly. "Dog robber to a rat! That's pretty good."

Hannon hesitated. He couldn't make the fellow out. He wasn't drunk. But for some reason, understandable or not, he was dangerous. The corporal tried to humor him.

"Wrong again, buddy," he said. "I'm not a dog robber, either, for him or anybody else." He lifted his shoulder, showing the two stripes on the cloth. "I'm a corporal. . . ."

But this was no better. "Corporal?" the other soldier mocked. His mood was growing uglier and he kept the pistol aimed. "Well, I don't like corporals, either. No better than lieutenants. Understand? Where's Black now, mister corporal? And don't stall. Where's he at?"

Hannon answered truthfully, "Down town. In jail. He got arrested last night. That's why he ain't here."

"Arrested?" the man repeated with surprise, but also with satisfaction, and the corners of his mouth turned up again. "Him, arrested? That's good now, ain't it? Too good for him. I bet he raised hell about it. He had it coming. Ought to of been in jail a long time ago. Me, walking my hobnails off, all over Paris, ducking the damned M. P.'s, selling iron crosses for him, and him running out and leaving me holdin' the sack!"

"Selling iron crosses?" Hannon fingered the souvenir in his pocket.

"So's he could gyp me. And did he do it! I'm here to collect, corporal. Collect plenty, understand? Bokoo francs. Bokoo. . ."

There was a sound in the corridor. Hannon recognized it as the opening of the outer door from the street. The big soldier heard it, too. He bade, "Keep your mouth shut, now. Leave me handle this."

Hannon snapped his flashlamp. This would not be the lieutenant entering, he reasoned. Black was in jail. Then who might it be? In the darkness he heard the big American's deep breathing, and across the room, the hinges of the door to the apartment creaked. Heavy bootsoles scraped the stone floor, and suddenly there was a swift scratching sound and a match flared yellow against the plaster wall. Hannon and the strange soldier stood motionless.

Lieutenant Black stepped quickly into the room, the match cupped in his hands, and closed the door silently behind him. At sight of him Hannon's thoughts went into a tailspin. Momentarily he forgot the pistol aimed in his direction through the dark. What was Black doing, walking loose? Why wasn't he still locked up in his cell behind Tuffé's gendarmerie?

The lieutenant was holding his match aloft. By its dull yellow light, he looked down distastefully at the brown stain on the floor below the window and muttered something to himself.

He still was looking at the stain, his mouth twitching under the thing that did for a mustache, when the match burned his fingers. He dropped it, and the light went out, and he swore quietly under his breath and lighted a second match, striking it, too, upon the wall. But at the same instant, the big soldier shifted his feet. Black swung around.

"Who's that?" he demanded. His face was drawn into tight lines, Hannon saw. Oh, he was scared, all right, no doubt of that.

The shabby soldier chuckled and stepped forward. His gun was moving from Hannon now and was pointing in Black's direction. "It's me, shavetail," he said, and his voice was as insolent as it had been when he mistook Hannon for Black. "Just Private Perth. Thought you'd be tickled to see me again. Where was you last night, shavetail?"

Black did not answer, merely stared, and held the match higher, out of his line of vision. By its soft, flickering light his face looked less masculine; its lines went soft momentarily, and then hardened once more.

"All right, Perth," he said stiffly. "What do you want?"

His voice, too, had become crisp again. He clipped his words in a military manner; even with a pistol at his head he could not forget that he was a commissioned officer, talking to a mere enlisted man. His hand did not tremble now. He was sure of himself, relying, even in the face of that carelessly pointed gun, on the security of the bars upon his shoulders.

"Speak up," he bade. The match was burning close to his fingers, but he paid no attention to it. "I say, speak up! What are you doing here?"

Hannon slid his small flat Spanish automatic out of his pocket; he covered the soldier with it; at the same time pressed the button of his flashlamp.

Black swung on him at once. Through the sickly illumination of his match, he stared at the white beam of light. The man he had called Perth glanced over his shoulder.

"Okay, buddy," he said. "Hold the light on him. Now, shavetail, I'm goin' to collect my bokoo francs."

Hannon ordered sharply, "Put your gun down, soldier. I've got you covered this time. Put it on that table, or..."

Perth looked back at him, less startled than amused. "I see," he remarked scornfully. "Old double cross at work again, is it? Always good at the double cross, shavetail? So this is your dog robber, after all? Well, you'll not do nothing to me, boy, nothing, compree? You'll turn over the francs, toot sweet, all you've got, and you'll not say a word. Not a word against your old partner, see?"

"Put that gun down!" Hannon repeated.

The man obeyed. He dropped the weapon carelessly on the table and backed against the wall, arms folded, his big face insolent.

"Call off your bootlicker," he ordered Black. "Call him off, and then I'll talk to you. Talk turkey, see? I come to collect..."

"Don't be a damn fool, Perth," Black cautioned. "This man's a policeman..."

"Hell he is!" Perth exclaimed. He glanced over his shoulder regretfully at his discarded gun. "If I'd knowed you was a cop, I'd of shot you right away, buddy." He started to edge nearer to the table, but Hannon halted him.

"You're going down to the gendarmerie, both of you," the corporal said. He spoke sharply. He had made up his mind at last what to do. He wouldn't even ask Black how he happened to be out. Or why. "Both of you," he commanded. "Be still, lieutenant. You're going back!"

Marching the two before him, he made his way through the dark street toward Tuffé's stone walled office.

HE EXPECTED to find the gendarme browbeating the husband of the dressmaker. But when the party arrived at the police post, the corporal observed to his surprise that the small dog cart belonging to the Marquis of Campeau stood at the door. But there was no sign of the marquis himself.

Inside the room, Hannon could see Perruche slouched in a corner, a hapless and dejected figure, blinking his dull, perplexed eyes at the stone floor. The brigadier was paying no attention to him. Instead he stood under the single hanging electric globe facing a tall, plump girl whose reddish brown hair was caught back smoothly in the narrow velvet ribbon fashionable at the moment, and was bound tightly to her head. Not a bad looking girl, either, Hannon told himself; good looking, in fact, except for her eyes, red from weeping.

She was speaking rapidly, stamping her small foot for emphasis. Tuffé, trying to silence her, was making ineffectual gestures with both hands, and clucking at her loudly with his fat lips.

"Thou swine!" the girl accused him. "Thou disgraceful swine! Not till this minute did I hear from my poor father what most horrible events have occurred! Where is my poor friend, the Monsieur Black? Tell me! Where hast thou placed the poor boy? Tell me... I shall release him!"

Tuffé cried: "Already have I released him, m'mselle! I swear it on my reputation as a soldier! The man is free. A most horrible error I committed when I first arrested him, m'mselle! My regret is devastating! How was I to know that this slug on the bench there and not the respectable lieutenant assassinated the poor artist?"

"Thou couldst have asked me!" the girl chided, stamping her foot again. "The poor boy was with me, all of last evening, every minute! We were not apart one second! In Laval, too, far from this town. I ran away with him!"

Lieutenant Black, standing uncertainly in front of Hannon, took a short step forward. "Marie!" he warned. "Hold your tongue!"

She swung around, and recognizing him, rushed to his arms. Burying her face against him, she cried out: "I do not care who knows it! What is my poor reputation, beside your happiness? Most certainly I shall tell my father... I tell the whole town!... everyone!... that I went unchaperoned with you to the cinema..."

He pleaded, "Please... please, Marie... not another word!"

Hannon, as he listened, watched his other prisoner from the corner of his eye. Private Perth, seeking to take advantage of the moment, was edging along the wall, preparing to run.

"Come back here," Hannon warned. He grasped the fellow's arm and pushed him up the step into the office.

"When you've done with the billing and cooing, lieutenant, you'd best sit down," he directed.

The lieutenant flashed an angry expression at him.

"I've warned you, corporal," he cried. "You're going to have your neck in a sling for this!"

"So you said, sir."

The girl demanded, "Who are these two creatures?"

"A policeman," Black replied, nodding toward Hannon. "The other is... Perth... Private Perth... he was in my company once..."



Campeau blinked unseeingly. "How should I know where they went?" he asked

"That's right," Perth interrupted. "Still picking the pretty ones, shavetail?"

Black took a step toward him.

The girl cried, "Oh!"

"Wait a minute, lieutenant," Hannon ordered. "Go sit down on that bench. You stand here, Perth. I want a word with this young lady."

"With me?"

our journey. We go to Laval, to the Cinema Pathé. . . ."

"And got home when?"

"At fifteen minutes before midnight, monsieur. Exactly, that. When the car halts, there on the distant side of the wall behind the garden. . . ."

Brigadier Tuffé clucked his tongue, and she added hastily, "Most natural, we do not enter by the gate! But the town clock, it is telling the three-quarter-hour." (Continued on page 36)

"You were with this guy last evening . . . all evening?"

"That is true, monsieur," she answered, and faced him with a stiff dignity.

"You're Campeau's daughter?"

"Marie Campeau is my name."

He liked the way she looked at him, straight in the eye, without flinching. He asked, "Your folks didn't know you were running around with him last night?"

She hesitated. "But no," she admitted, "I am of respectable family. Naturally I am not permitted to go without the chaperone. *Alors*, last evening I had the appointment. Just the one evening would cause no harm. Is that not true? At nine o'clock I am to meet my boy. In the garden. I go early to bed. . . ."

Hannon nodded. He believed her, for some reason. "That's what your old man said," he agreed. "That was. . . ."

"Only just after eight o'clock, monsieur. Except, naturally, I did not go to bed, you understand. My chamber, it is on the ground floor. I need only blow out my lamp and open the shutter . . . and I am in the garden, in the arms of this poor boy. . . ." She gestured toward the lieutenant, who stood stiff with anger and embarrassment.

Hannon asked solicitously, "What did the poor boy do?"

"I've warned you, corporal!"

Black shouted, "Making sport of an officer. . . ."

"And a gentleman?" Hannon added, maliciously. "I understand. Violation of the Articles of War." He prompted the girl: "The lieutenant was waiting in the garden. Then what, miss?"

She hesitated. "We search the button he has lost from off the tunic when he mounts the wall to enter the garden, monsieur."

Hannon nodded again. "The brigadier has it," he told her.

She turned, startled. "The brigadier?"

Tuffé became apologetic. "It is here, m'mselle, right here." He searched in his pocket.

"Keep it there," Hannon bade. "Go on, young lady."

"*Alors*," the girl continued, less confidently, "we do not discover the button, in the darkness, so without it we must continue

WHY THEY Go OVER



IN THE days of the old Army, before the late war, a deserter explained at his court-martial: "I was broke and so I enlisted. They put me in bed with bedbugs and made me take care of horses; and, having never been associated with either, I quit."

Unattractive conditions in the Army have caused many a desertion. So have attractive conditions outside the Army. When the two exist together, desertions are likely to be high. When the reverse is true, when conditions within the Army are so attractive as to make for a contented soldier and conditions outside are not attractive at all, desertions are low.

In the last half dozen years the latter combination, for the most part in mounting degree and contrast, has brought about a remarkable decrease in desertions among the enlisted men of the United States Army. In it today the problem of desertion, usually one of the most important and vexatious engaging military authorities, is so slight as to be almost negligible. The soldier is sticking to his job.

One man was a deserter for every fourteen in the Army in the fiscal year 1925, the twelve months ended June 30th that year. This was a high ratio, more than seven percent. Four years later it had fallen to a little more than five percent. A decrease then set in so marked that last year, and in two other years of the period, desertion was under two percent. Not one man in fifty!

Percentages are based on the number of enlistment contracts in the year, which is the same as the total of all enlisted men who have been on the rolls at any time in the twelve months. Enlistment contracts in force in 1935 numbered 167,675. There were 3,076 reported deserters.

The War Department regards two factors outside the service as of major relation to desertion. One has to do with climate. Desertions in the half year April to October are about double those of the other half. The movement is not always from hot to cold, as instanced by the two soldiers who deserted from Fort Gibbon, Alaska, and turned in a few months later at Yuma, Arizona. Regardless of climate or season, however, the deserter

A tank can balk but not in the ornery way a mule does, so one cause of desertion is on the way out. On opposite page, a form of recreation that clicks with the doughboy

has one favorite time for his act—it is right after pay day. The other factor outside the service bearing notably on the urge to desert is labor conditions.

It has been observed through many years that when business is good the country over and jobs easy to get, desertions increase; and when business is below normal and job opportunity nil, they fall off. The business standstill of the last few years put a damper on desertions. That, together with improved living conditions within the Army, accounts mainly, according to the Adjutant General's Office, for the current low of the desertion index.

From the high rate of 1925 the decrease was steady, each year showing a lower percentage than the one before, until 1934—when there was an upturn. That year showed 2.33 percent as against the 1.82 of the year before. Why should desertion percentages have gone down steadily for eight years and then gone up in the ninth?

Army men see in that rise, in addition to other influences, the relation of the upward trend in industry in that year, a spurt toward recovery pointed by such diverse indicators as freight loadings, bank clearings, retail sales volume, loans to brokers. Old Man Statistics suggests that the curve of voluntary labor turnover in industry in peace time, that is of "quits" exclusive of layoffs and discharges, roughly parallels that of desertion in the Army. Business did take a turn upwards in 1934. But it slipped back the next year—and lo, the desertion index kept it company, going down, down to 1.83.

IT LOOKS as if the enlisted man somehow felt in his bones the coming of a business slump, and felt it several years before 1929, the date usually assigned for the beginning. As a result, he clung closer and closer to his army berth until the first semblance of a silver-lining appeared. When that faded,

the HILL

By Thomas
J. Malone



he decided that business wasn't out of the woods and stayed in the Army.

Of those who did desert, many were glad to give themselves up and take their medicine in order to get back into the Army. In 1932 deserters returned to military control numbered 3,056, a larger number than deserted the service during the year.

Desertion is "absence without leave accompanied by the intention not to return, or to avoid hazardous duty, or to shirk important service." Absence without leave unaccompanied by such intent is — just AWOL, something which every World

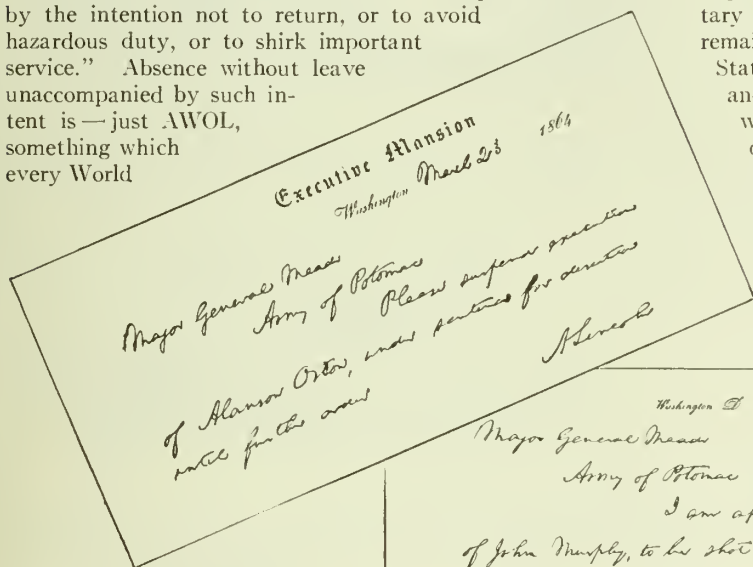
In wartime it may be punished by death. It is said that no execution of the death penalty for desertion has taken place in the American Army since the Civil War.

The soldier convicted of desertion by a court-martial ends his army career with a dishonorable discharge, unless by good behavior while in confinement he earns restoration to the colors. A peacetime deserter is not, after three years, amenable to military authority, because of the statute of limitations. If he has remained all of three years within the jurisdiction of the United States, he may surrender with impunity at any post or station and obtain a discharge. It will be the blue paper, however, which lacks the word "honorable." It will state that he is discharged "by reason of admitted desertion, trial barred by statute of limitations." Such a deserter's discharge disqualifies him for benefits under the Veterans Administration except hospitalization, and that is available to him only after four preferred groups are taken care of.

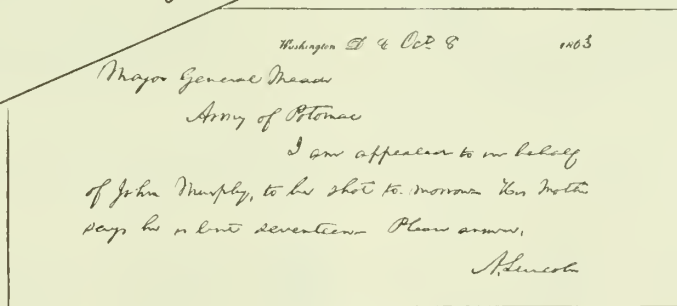
Overworking an honorable discharge is not unknown in attempts to obtain a government benefit. Only

the other day a deserter was found to have slipped one over in that way. He had received in 1929 an honorable discharge from a first enlistment. Several years later he was admitted to a government hospital and given treatment for chronic bronchitis. After leaving, he re-enlisted in the army and then deserted.

More than a year after the desertion he reported ill at the same institution, saying nothing of the second enlistment. He was admitted on the basis of the honorable discharge and his previous record at the place. He stayed a year and then left without (Continued on page 50)



When mercy
tempered justice



FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS F. MADIGAN

War soldier tried to achieve at least once. Desertion is regarded by the War Department as "a crime against patriotism, honor and oathbound obligations," impairing the morale of the troops as well as causing monetary loss to the Government.

IT'S LEAP YEAR

But If You're Wise You Won't Jump to Conclusions

By Wallgren



NEUTRALITY

and the UNIVERSAL DRAFT

NO GROUP of Americans is more deeply interested in the problem of neutrality than the membership of The American Legion. To the youth of today, even to the youth who this year become men, the question may seem mildly academic—a Congressional debate about a technical point in international relations that has no practical application. Europe is far away, Africa even farther.

Well, the town of Serajevo was just as far away in June, 1914, but less than three years later it became a suburb of Boston, St. Louis, Tulsa, and Los Angeles. Because a wild youngster with an unpronounceable name shot off a revolver in Serajevo, two million Americans, most of them equipped with firearms, crossed three thousand miles of ocean in the greatest troop movement in all history, and two million more stood to arms at home, ready to go. No one of the four million, incidentally, ever set eyes on Serajevo.

To the Legionnaire, therefore, there has sounded a somewhat personal note in the dispatches from overseas during recent months—personal not so much as concerning his own status as that of the generation around him who would bear the brunt of any fighting there might be to do. It is this very fact—this very consideration which America's post-war manhood usually fails to consider—that gives the Legionnaire an intense interest in the question of the universal draft. That question, too, is now definitely brought out of an academic atmosphere and down to hard earth by the sweep of events.

The prospect of a profitless war, the Legion maintains, would go far toward preventing war altogether. Set capital and labor, industry and agriculture, on an equal economic footing with the mobilized manpower of a nation and you have gone far to prevent war—you have gone all the way to forestall a war of aggression, of aggrandizement, of grab.

The idea, the ideal, of a universal draft is simple. The execution of the plan admittedly is not. That is no more against

it than the fact that the development of the airplane was not an overnight achievement is something to hold against the China Clipper. The supreme test of a democracy is its ability to solve by its own methods a problem which a full-fledged autocrat could solve by the stroke of a pen. The universal draft *can* be put on a practical basis. The rules *can* be laid down—then, if the need ever arises to apply them, America will play the game.

THE bearing of the question of the universal draft on the issue of neutrality is obvious. Both tend to the same end, but the universal draft goes further. Any neutrality legislation will be admirable as long as it works, just as dynamite is perfectly harmless until it explodes. Once war is a fact, neutrality becomes as dead an issue as if it had never been attempted. This is not to belittle any concrete effort made to maintain it—far from it. But the universal draft, itself capable of being wrought into the most potent element in any program of neutrality, would take on new strength with the abandonment of neutrality, becoming, with the initiation of war, a powerful, eventually an irresistible engine for peace.

The American Legion has always held that an adequate program of national defense adequately carried out is the best preventive of war. With such a program neither any conceivable mechanism of neutrality nor the policy of the universal draft would be in any slightest degree in conflict. Each of the three elements would mutually support the other two. Without them the issue of war and peace might one day—any day—have to be decided in a touch-and-go fashion that might spell, on the one hand, disaster, or, on the other, victory won at such a cost that the balance-sheet would be fearful to contemplate. Toward the prevention of such a catastrophe The American Legion, backed by the conviction of its own experience, has always stood and will always stand dedicated.

ON ICE — *and HOT*

BY
FREDERIC
M^c LAUGHLIN

*THE fastest game in the world,
and the roughest, they call pro ice
hockey. And yet nobody has ever been
killed and nobody has ever suffered
fatal injuries in a big league game*

WHY anyone should want to own a major league hockey team is one of those mysteries beyond solution. I often wonder about it, after ten years as president and principal owner of one of the very best of them, the Chicago Black Hawks. The answer, as nearly as I can formulate one, is the same as why people go in for running Marathon races or doing any of the thousand and one things which do not make sense when viewed from the standpoint of pure reason, but which are nevertheless a lot of fun and thrill.

Imagine—unless you were there, and shared in the experience and the high excitement—the Chicago Stadium filled to the roof with its seating capacity of 17,306 hockey fans. The Black Hawks are playing the Detroit Red Wings in the final game of the Stanley Cup series of 1934, which is to hockey what the World Series is to baseball. For three twenty-minute periods the two teams have battled to a scoreless tie. The game has gone into overtime, sudden-death overtime, which in hockey jargon means the game will continue until one side or the other has scored.

For a full twenty extra minutes neither side has managed to get the puck past a goal tender. Every player is almost in a daze, for the regulation sixty minutes of modern hockey is a tremendous strain upon a highly trained athlete, without the overtime.

Suddenly Mush March, Black Hawk forward, takes a pass from a team mate. He is far out for a shot, a Red Wing defense man starts after him at racing-car speed. No other Hawk is clear, so March lets fly for the net—as he afterward admitted, with no hope that the shot would go in. The Detroit goalie, Wilf Cude, is one of the best in the league. But, by one of those chances which are so slight that the situation could not have been duplicated in a week with both teams practicing for it, the Wings defense man skated between the goal and March just as the puck left his stick. The puck missed the defense man by an eyelash. But—that flying figure for a split second hid March and the puck from the goalie. The rubber disk sailed past the goalie's foot by inches, an easy save had he

seen it coming. Nobody, I honestly believe, realized that a score had been made, the game and series ended, the Stanley Cup and championship pennant earned for Chicago, until March dived headlong into the net to retrieve the puck which had made the winning score. Perhaps the goal judge's red light had already flashed on above the net to signal the Black Hawk point. I did not see it, nor did anyone else I have asked about it, until March



**Zip! and a fifty-mile-an-hour dash down the
rink ends abruptly in ice shavings as the puck
comes hither from yon**

went in after the rubber. Then, believe it or not, the entire crowd sat there for perhaps twenty minutes talking over the game, until finally somebody had gumption enough to start for home.

If the 17,306 other people felt that way about it, can you imagine how I felt? Surprisingly enough, my first emotion was not jubilation that we had won. Rather it was relief that the game was over, that the over-tired players could finally get off the ice.



It didn't get by simply because the goalie came out from the net to smother it under his outstretched arms

The feeling would have been identical had Detroit won instead of the Black Hawks. Nor does this mean that I am unduly sympathetic or soft-hearted. Probably every spectator in the huge crowd was suffering mentally along with those panting skaters as though he himself were one of them. It was the kind of game that gets under your skin, no matter how thick and tough your skin may be.

As a matter of fact, there is something about any well-played game of hockey that gets under your skin, whether you are seeing your first contest or were teething on an old puck as Canadian infants are reputed to be. Likewise it gets under your skin whether you are playing, officiating, or handing towels to the players as they come off the ice. Something about the game makes it more exciting than any other sport I know of—and I played polo for many years before I saw my first hockey game.

How I happened to become president of the Black Hawks is neither important nor a long tale. Back in the 20's, when the world was full to overflowing with civic pride and ideas of public service which the depression years have seriously damaged, some friends invited me to a luncheon. It developed that they were planning to place a Chicago hockey team in the big league, and that they had decided I would make a good president of the team. Their reason, which gives a clue to how green they were, was that because I had played a lot of polo I would be good at running a team playing another very fast sport. An even

better clue to how green I was is that I accepted, buying \$500 worth of stock and taking it on in addition to running the coffee business which constitutes my principal occupation.

Although that first team was a good team, had five outstanding stars, and won most of its games, the sport was unfamiliar and the public almost unanimously stayed away. After a year

or two our original company had lost most of its money, and my colleagues were ready to give up. Being Irish, I was just beginning to enjoy the scrap at that moment. The only way to continue it seemed to be to put some more money into it, which I did. Ever since, I have been principal owner as well as president of the club. Many times I have wished I had given up and let the franchise fall into other hands. A great many more times, I have been jubilant at owning it. And the jubilation has not been financial, since the club has been just a little better than self-supporting over this period of years.

Unless you have seen big-league hockey, you cannot appreciate what the game is like. Even the most exciting description prepared by our inspired publicity manager fails to do justice to the speed of the action. Polo, which is probably the next fastest sport, fairly crawls like a turtle (Continued on page 44)



Here comes trouble and no foolin', but somebody's going to stop that rush

FATHER TIME, *LANDLORD*

SEVEN Thousand More California Service Men Will Get Homes on State Long-Term Loans

IF YOU want to see a rainbow—and who does not, after these recent years of economic gloom—turn your eyes to California. There is written in brightening skies the record of what California has done since 1929, depression or no depression, providing farm and city homes for its war veterans. In a period in which home building and home buying have seemed almost in total eclipse elsewhere, California has managed to put 6,000 service men in homes and on farms of their own. This since 1929. And this in a program begun by The American Legion back in 1921—which since that earlier year has provided homes and farms for a total of 13,000 veterans.

And now, rainbow bright with promise and hope, word comes from Thomas M. Foley that in the next few years California will add 7,000 more service men to its list of state-aided home owners. Mr. Foley, a member of Fred Bunch Post of San Francisco, is chairman of the Veterans Welfare Board, and he sends the good news that the bond issue of \$30,000,000, authorized by



Good architecture and beautiful surroundings characterize the 13,000 farm and city homes already provided. Above, the home of C. Oscar Erickson in Hollywood. At left, the home of Ernest Wells Dort in San Diego



the voters in November, 1934, will enable the State to raise the total of service men home and farm owners to 20,000.

But don't make any mistake. This isn't an experiment in pure philanthropy. All the 13,000 men already provided with homes are paying for them under a businesslike arrangement written into the Farm and Home Purchase Act in 1921. The State advances the money. The service man repays that money to the State in instalments, usually over a period of twenty years but in some cases as long as forty years. Furthermore, his yearly payments include interest at 5 percent as well as amortization of the principal, and he pays the administrative expense. On a \$5,000 home, his average monthly payment is approximately \$33 a month.

The Monthly published in November, 1930, a comprehensive article by Anthony F. Moitoret explaining the workings of the home-ownership plan. What Mr. Foley says now brings up to date the record of this great undertaking. It indicates, among other things, that the Farm and Home Purchase Act is without expense to the taxpayers of the State. California voters have approved four successive bond issues, amounting in all to \$80,000,000, but the service men who are getting farms and city homes have proved their ability to repay the amounts advanced

to them. Defaults among the thousands of borrowers have been negligible, even during the depression, and are now actually less than one percent of the total number.

To be eligible for benefits of the act a veteran must be a citizen of the United States, must have served actively for not less than sixty days in a war of the United States, and must have been discharged honorably. He must have been a bona fide resident of California at the time he entered service. All applications are filed in numerical sequence and are considered in the order received, except that preference is given to disabled veterans. After he has applied, a veteran is interviewed by a representative of the Board. If he meets the qualifications he is issued a Selection and Purchase Certificate. This authorizes him to select property of his own choice. He may build a house to suit his needs or he may select a home already constructed.

"Before a property is purchased for the veteran," writes Mr. Foley, "it is given a preliminary appraisal by a trained board appraiser. If passed by this appraiser, the property is appraised by a disinterested, competent, independent appraiser, and also by an official or appraiser of a bank in the vicinity of the property. These appraisals are reviewed by a district manager of the board and then receive a final review by the chief appraiser who completes the recommendations for the Veterans Welfare Board, which consists of five veterans. Each property is therefore appraised three times in the field and receives three detailed reviews before it is considered ready for purchase.

"The board buys the property outright for cash and sells it to the veteran under the liberal terms of a sales contract. Title is held by the board until the veteran pays off his contract. The veteran makes the initial payment of 5 percent in the case of



a home, 10 percent in the case of a farm. He is charged with all expenses of the appraisals, examination of title and incidental expense, plus an administrative charge of 5 percent.

"The maximum loan is \$5,000. However, the veteran may buy a home not to exceed \$7,500 by financing the difference. The Board will grant a maximum loan of \$7,500 on the purchase of a farm, and the veteran may add \$5,000 of his own funds.

"The first \$50,000,000 has actually purchased property costing more than \$56,000,000, and today over 13,000 veterans are repaying in installments this sum which is calculated to retire the bonds by 1953. The last \$30,000,000 is in process of investment. Inasmuch

as all the administrative expenses are carried by the contract holders, the plan has not cost the taxpayers of California one single penny.

"The wisdom of the Farm and Home Purchase Act has been proved by its survival throughout the depression. The collapse of the real estate market after 1929 endangered the security of many properties owned by the Board, but the Board was able to offset any losses on properties purchased before 1929 by purchasing properties on the declining market. During the height of the depression, delinquencies were approximately 5 percent. Some adjustments and repossession were made but these repossessed homes were sold to other veterans as rapidly as possible, so that delinquencies are only about one percent now.

"At present our books show a surplus of over \$2,000,000. With the \$30,000,000 from the bond issue authorized in November, 1934, we shall buy 7,500 more homes, scattered through the 1,000 miles of the State. Every type of architecture will have to be considered. For example, there are the stone castles built on the rocks of Carmel Bay, the Spanish homes in the haciendas of Southern California and the California colonial in the Uplands.

would be considered a failure. We do not want a mere shelter but a real home.

"We consider always the woman in the home. Every modern convenience to alleviate the drudgery of the past is taken advantage of. We have learned the things which endanger the lives of our women. We are utilizing the best that science has given us to improve the home and relieve our wives of that oldtime drudgery our mothers went through.

"Electrical appliances alleviate drudgery. We are air-conditioning houses to master the ice-bound north and the tropical south. The Board has organized an Architectural and Engineering Bureau, with highly trained experts, to work out plans and specifications for veterans and to aid builders and contractors. Location of each property is carefully considered to protect it in the future. Districts, neighborhoods and even blocks are studied; population trends are observed and building costs are checked—all in the joint interest of the veteran and the Board."

What Mr. Foley has said rounds out the picture of a commonwealth emerging from difficult years to build for an even greater future. Giant bridges are being thrown across the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay. Two great inland rivers, the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, are being harnessed for water and power. Los Angeles is spending a third of a billion dollars to develop a water supply from Boulder Dam. What better added foundation for the future than the State's multiplied thousands of service men home owners.

Legion Potatoes

AMERICAN LEGION posts marched with flying flags and to the music of bands and drum corps near Virginia, Minnesota, last August. Marched also boys and girls of St. Louis County's 4-H clubs, members of other organizations—all bound for the shore of Lake Eshquagama. There, high on an embankment, at the top of a flight of stairs that reminded you of movie pictures of the Pyramids, stood a new clubhouse. It was shaped like an arrowhead and built of logs, a modernistic rendering of architecture which was popular in Abraham Lincoln's day.

Proud were the members of The American Legion post of Biwabik. For this day marked the realization of hopes held by the post when a half dozen years ago it began to distribute free seed potatoes to the boys and girls of the 4-H clubs of its locality.

The parade was the beginning of a celebration in which the entire county joined—a celebration in honor of St. Louis County's feat in winning first prize in the nation-wide 4-H County Progress Contest. That first prize was visible to all—the clubhouse which had cost \$10,000. It had been awarded by Sears, Roebuck & Co. Governor Olson and many other state and federal notables were on hand to take part in the program which lasted from dawn until midnight.

"More than 3,400 boys and girls in 111 4-H Clubs had a hand in winning the honor for St. Louis County," writes G. C. Noble, managing director of the National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work. "To the Legionnaires of St. Louis County, who sponsored numerous 4-H projects, goes a large share of the credit for the achievements in 4-H work in the county. What the Legion post of Biwabik did is

typical of many other 4-H works by the other posts of the county. And Legion posts in many States have found pleasure in helping the boys and girls of the farm clubs. I recall, for example, the 4-H Calf Club of Charles Matthews Post of Warrensburg,



An American Legion better-potato campaign helped win for the 4-H Clubs of St. Louis County, Minnesota, this novel log clubhouse

We believe that artistic considerations should govern along with practical matters, that the modern home must and can equal the traditional in beauty and good taste. A house which consists merely of low cost space and efficient mechanical facilities



From Euclid Avenue to the lake in downtown Cleveland, where The American Legion National Convention will center next September. Upper left, the stadium through which the parade will pass. Immediately above center, the Public Auditorium

Missouri. In five years the post has bought and distributed fifty-six calves, paid for by the boys and girls after they had sold them."

To Cleveland in September

THE airplane view of downtown Cleveland appearing on this page shows a sector from Euclid Avenue to the lakefront in which most of the activities of The American Legion National Convention will center September 21st to 24th. In the upper left corner is shown the municipal stadium, seating 90,000, through which will pass the convention parade. Every person who registers for the convention will receive a free seat in the stadium for the day of the parade and free tickets to other events such as the drum corps contest. The stadium is covered, insuring the comfort of all spectators. Immediately above the center of the picture appears Cleveland's Public Auditorium in which the convention sessions will be held. The eyes and ears of the country will be turned toward this structure in June also when it will be the scene of the Republican National Convention. The photograph shows how Cleveland has remade and beautified itself since the World War by carrying out the plans perfected when Newton D. Baker was mayor. Mr. Baker is now Honorary

before many future Armistice Days have passed a \$250,000 memorial building will stand in Greenville in commemoration of one of the most important events in American history—the signing of the treaty of Greenville in 1795, by which the United States got from the Indian tribes clear title to the Northwest Territory.

Get out your histories if you want to learn just how important that treaty was.

You may have forgotten how General "Mad Anthony" Wayne defeated the Indians in the Battle of Fallen Timbers to make the treaty possible, after two earlier commanders had been defeated. The Treaty of Paris in 1783 had conceded to the United States the vast area bounded by the Ohio and the Mississippi, but the British continued to hold important posts within it and the Indians were active enemies until Mad Anthony, on Washington's orders, gained his victory. A large part of the Middle West might today be foreign soil had events been different.

Greenville Post of The American Legion is working with other organizations of its town to obtain the erection of the memorial building. A bill providing for this is now before Congress. The National Executive Committee indorsed the project at its meet-

President of The American Legion 1936 Convention Corporation of Cleveland.

Fragrant Guest

IN KISSIMMEE, Florida, a November sensation was the sight of City Manager Ed Newton on Main Street at one end of a rope with Sandy Gardner's 12-year-old billy goat on the other end. Puzzled citizens learned that Mr. Newton was on his way to pay up his American Legion post dues as quickly as possible and that thereupon the fragrant billy goat would automatically pass into the possession of some other member who hadn't paid, to remain his guest until he got right with the post finance officer. Kissimmee Post champions a billy goat as a better speeder-up of dues paying than a monkey, a guinea hen or a duck, all of which have served other posts. We are still waiting for a report from the post which was planning to circulate a polecat if it could find one.

Greenville in History

WHEN Milt D. Campbell, Commander of the Ohio Department, delivered an Armistice Day address in Greenville, Ohio, he voiced the hope that



ing last November. Previously it had also been indorsed by the Ohio Department convention held at Dayton in August of 1935.

Posts Named for Athletes

HOW many American Legion posts are named in honor of famous athletes? Legionnaire Dan Balmer of Philadelphia passes along the reminder that three of the outstanding posts in his own city bear names which were cheered by crowds before the war.

"Tom Reath was a crew man at Penn," writes Mr. Balmer. "Howard McCall was a football man, and Henry H. Houston, 2d, was a soccer man. I knew them all. All are honored in memory by Philadelphia posts, and there are others."

How many others? Let's have their names so that we can add them to the roll call which Mr. Balmer has started.

Oldest and Youngest?

THE search for the oldest Legionnaire will have to be reopened, it seems. When Fred E. Sturdevant Post of Gordon, Nebraska, recently proclaimed that 87-year-old Edward W. Galbraith, one of its members, ranked as the dean of living Legionnaires, the claim was promptly trumped by Anthony Wayne Post of Wayne, Pennsylvania, on behalf of one of its own members. Colonel Knowles Croskey is 92 and was guest of honor at the annual dinner of the post in December. A veteran of the

Legionnaire John Compton of Mt. Vernon, Illinois, writes that he was born in that town on September 22, 1903, enlisted at East Chicago, Indiana, April 20, 1917, and served in France with Company D, 116th Supply Train. His enlistment age was 13 years, 7 months and 2 days. But it isn't a record apparently.

There is at least one other man of earlier age. Legionnaire Frank Sauliere of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was aged 12 years, 7 months and 9 days, when he enlisted in France with the 18th Engineers. A Californian, he had gone overseas with his father, who also served in the World War.

Anybody know of other oldest and youngest Legionnaires?

Legion Spirit

WHEN Gaston Post brought to its home town, Gastonia, North Carolina, the 1935 Little World

Series of The American Legion's Junior Baseball Program, it might have concluded that it had done enough good work for one year. But it didn't. It isn't that kind of a post, as you may have gathered from Alexander Gardiner's story of the baseball games in the November issue.

Not long after the baseball games, reports Legionnaire W. G. Gaston, the post sponsored the annual county fair and made a net profit of several thousand dollars.

"Rather than spend this money on some things that we might have done," adds Mr. Gaston, "we gave \$1,000 to four local organizations which serve the entire county: \$500 to the Public Library, for the purpose of buying reference books for school children; \$200 to the Boy Scouts, \$200 to the Girl Scouts and \$100 to the Salvation Army."

Junior Baseball Changes

AN IMPORTANT change in the system by which preliminary tournaments will be held, leading up to the Little World Series, marks The American Legion Junior Baseball season for 1936. Instead of twelve regional tournaments, each for the winning teams of four States, there will be played twenty-four tournaments in each of which two States will take part. There will also be three sectional tournaments, instead of the former schedule of two sectional tournaments. All tournaments will be played in the home city of one of the contestants, insuring a considerable saving in travel expense. The change is the first important one made in the Legion tournament system since 1928.

Hundreds of posts which have never sponsored teams are expected to take part in the program this year. The American and National Baseball Leagues have again contributed \$20,000 to insure the success of the season. Since 1928 the leagues have given to the Legion \$200,000. In each past season a half million boys have played on Legion teams. This number is expected to be raised this year as the result of a change in eligibility rules, adding three months to the maximum age of players.

Under the new rule, any boy may (Continued on page 62)

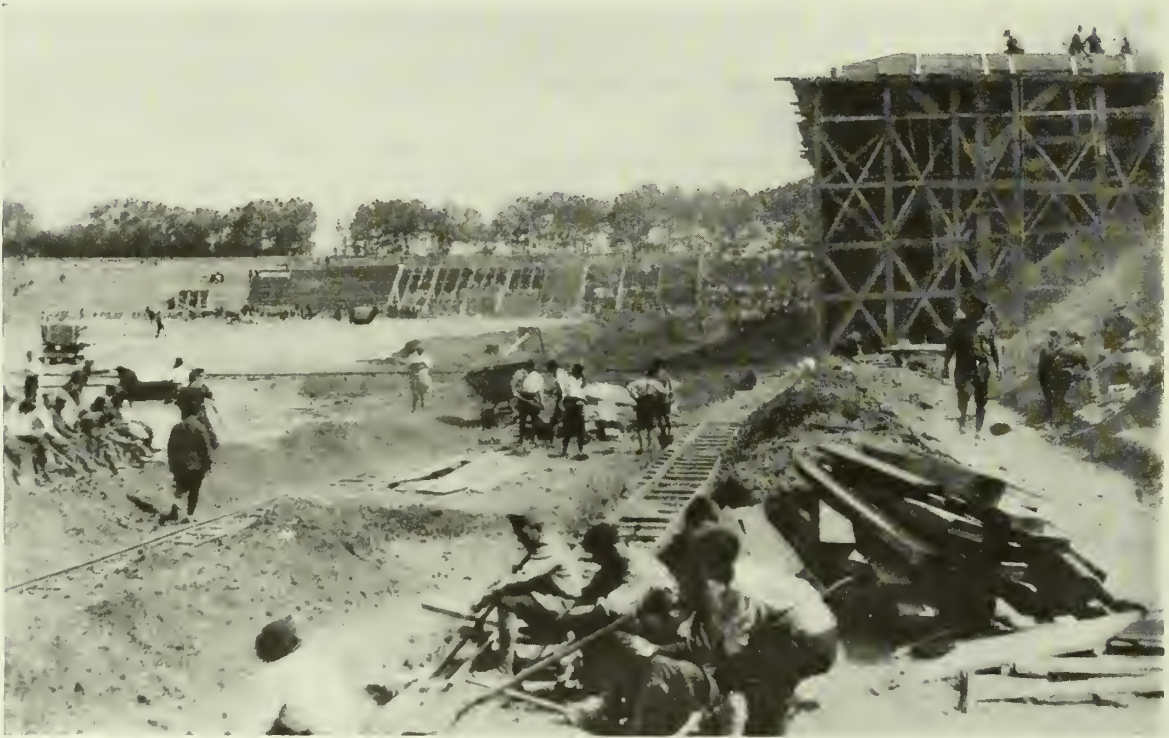


If you are 35 now, you won't be as old as Dr. George Washington Gale until the year 2000. Fred W. Butler and Charles Kahler extend Saugus (Massachusetts) Post's greetings to their G. A. R. comrade who will be 99 in February

Civil War and the Spanish-American War, he served in the World War on recruiting duty at Philadelphia and in the Ordnance Department at Washington.

The ENGINEERS

See It Through



WHEN it came to variety of service, let us present the Engineers. While the Infantry may have been the backbone of the Army when routing the enemy was the order of the day, the Engineers were the men of all work when it came to doing the thousand and one odd jobs which helped to win the war. They were railroad builders and operators, constructors of cars, hospitals and troop shelters, of warehouses and docks, repairers of roads and bridges, foresters, in charge of electrical installations and of refrigeration, bakeries and water supply—not to mention plenty of action in frontline sectors digging trenches and installing barbed wire. In addition, as you all know, there were numerous instances when Engineer troops stood shoulder to shoulder with the Infantry.

Outside of those chores, the Engineers had little to do in the war, and so to save some of them from boredom while they were waiting for ships to transport them home, they were given an added job in the spring of 1919—a job which, strange to say in connection with military activities, had to do with athletic competition. A picture of their operations is shown on this page. It came from E. W. Shellman of Gibson City, Illinois, ex-sergeant with the 128th Regiment of Engineers, and this is the story that accompanied it:

"Enclosed is a view of the construction of Pershing Stadium, Paris, France, which was taken on May 25, 1919. The story goes that the French undertook to build this stadium for the Y. M. C. A. but probably took the contract too cheaply. So when it was about half constructed they struck for more money and stopped work.

"Anyway, someone conceived the idea that there were a few engineers marking time in France awaiting their turn for transportation back to the good old U. S. A., so they might as well

When labor trouble cut off the civilian supply, American Engineers were impressed into service to complete Pershing Stadium, just outside of Paris, for the Inter-Allied Games of 1919

finish the work at a dollar-a-day a man. There were about two thousand Army engineers put to work on the 12th of May and believe me, it did not take long to finish it. On June 1st it was ready for the holding of the Olympic Games.

"Colonel Dailly and Lieutenant Colonel Warren had direct charge of construction. They used three shifts of eight hours each, working day and night. The 128th, 122d and 22d Regiments are the only outfits that I remember working on this job. My regiment, the 128th, had the job of putting up the grand stand, which finished project I consider was not bad considering the material we had to work with."

JUST a word about the A. E. F. athletic competitions which Shellman referred to as the Olympic Games, but which were known officially as the Inter-Allied Games. Once the Armistice put a stop to the fighting in November, 1918, the A. E. F. broke out into a



rash of athletic meets, show troupes, horse shows, tourist movements and other activities not usually associated with wars and warriors. The powers-that-were rightly decided that the vim and vigor of more than two million Americans that had been occupied in fighting had better be directed into proper channels while the men anxiously awaited transportation home. Morale must be maintained.

Elwood S. Brown, Athletic Director with the Y. M. C. A., had the foresight as early as October 15, 1918, to suggest a comprehensive program of mass play, competitive athletics between outfits including A. E. F. championships, and, as a culmination to these activities, a "military Olympics" to include the athletes of all of the Allied armies. The war ended, G. H. Q. gave its approval in December, 1918, and with the co-operation of the Y. M. C. A. got the program under way. Every form of competition, civilian and military, was included.

Eighteen of the twenty-nine Allied countries and dependencies invited accepted the invitation to participate in the Inter-Allied Games which were held in Paris, June 22 to July 6, 1919.

The site of the stadium was near Joinville-le-Pont, a short distance outside the southeastern walls of Paris. The grading of the field and completion of the track was undertaken by French military engineers, while construction of the stadium was awarded to a Paris contracting firm. When the work was about a third completed, a labor crisis put a stop to the civilian work. With the opening of the games less than seven weeks away, American troops were pressed into service.

The troops engaged were: Companies C and G of the 22d Engineers; Companies B, C and F, 55th Engineers; Companies A, B and C, 122d Engineers; Headquarters Detachment and Companies A, B and C, 128th Engineers; Company C, 131st Engineers; Companies B, H, K and L, 59th Pioneer Infantry; and

Companies A and F, 806th Pioneer Infantry (colored). The eighteen companies totaled a hundred officers and 3,300 enlisted men. By June, all concrete had been poured and the plant was ready for the opening of the Inter-Allied Games

WE LANDLUBBERS who served in the Army like to boast, when occasion offers, about the thrills involved in the trip over to the battle-front during the war—of the submarine scares, of battles with enemy subs that were sunk, of the almost-collisions with other transports, of the terrific storms we rode through. But our salty comrades who served on battle wagons and other fighting craft and who were in regular transport service took those things in their stride—all in a day's work.

Along the line of the constant enemy—Nature—with which all ships had to contend, several years ago we showed a picture of

the damage caused to the U. S. S. *Michigan* in a gale off Cape Hatteras during maneuvers in January, 1918. That storm resulted in the death of six sailors and in the serious injury of a half-dozen others. Talk about thrills!

Now through the co-operation of W. H. Jordan of East Orange (New Jersey) Post, who also serves in the post's drum corps, we reproduce



a shot of the *Michigan* after she was put into drydock at League Island, Pennsylvania. Our earlier contributor, Lester Strong of Bronx, New York, suggested that his picture was one of the few taken, because of the strict censorship. Jordan disagrees with that statement—but anyway, here's his yarn:

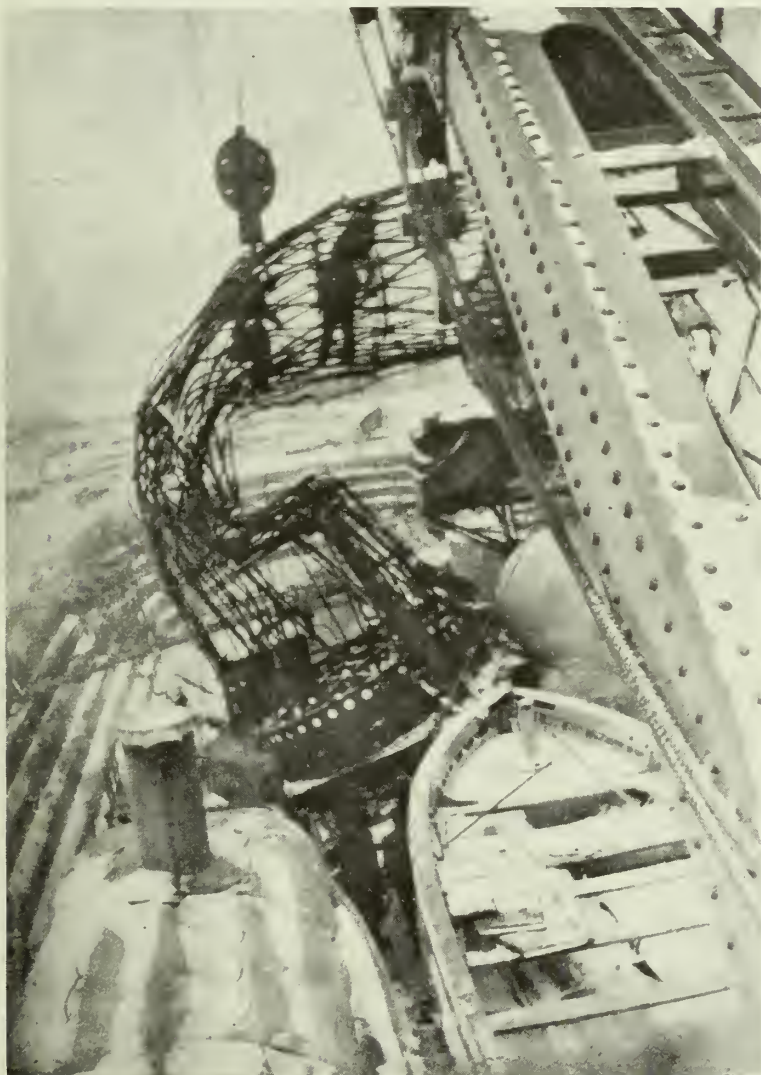
"The photo of the damage on the U. S. S. *Michigan* that appeared in the August, 1933, issue of the *Monthly* has produced some results that may be interesting to you and former gobs on the *Michigan*. It brought together some former shipmates who were unaware that they were living within a few miles of each other. Roy Willis, former electrician on the '*Mike*,' lives at 397 Carroll Street, Orange, New Jersey; Fred Boyle, also former 'juicer,' lives at 44 Durand Place, Irvington, New Jersey; Picot, who messed around with intercommunications on the '*Mike*,' lives in the Roseville section of Newark, and I am city electrician of East Orange, care of Fire Headquarters. I know we would all like to hear from more former shipmates. Looking for copies of that issue, brought us all together.

"Other happenings that former gobs of the '*Mike*'s' crew might remember are the loss of her steamer while on picket duty with all of the twelve men on board, off the submarine nets at Yorktown in November, 1917. Then the big scare the night the old *Indiana* tried to get through the nets and got her propeller caught. Also when the steamer *Fenimore* that used to take the boys from the fleet at Yorktown on blierty to Norfolk, burned up on the night of June 22, 1918.

"The one big moment every gob on the '*Mike*'—from Britain right down

In drydock at League Island—the U. S. S. *Michigan* displays some of the damage done to her in a gale off Cape Hatteras during maneuvers in January, 1918

to the captain of the head — will remember was the evening somewhere off the Azores when we all thought a hundred subs let go with about a thousand



torpedoes, all scoring a direct hit. What happened was that the port propeller and about twenty feet of its shaft dropped off for no good reason at all, while we were convoying. The suddenly released load allowed the engine to run at such speed that the noise and vibration before it was shut down, gave rise to much imagination. Of course, nobody was scared—but I saw no one laugh when a salty oldtimer bosun's mate passed out clothes stops, to protect the decks!

"While agreeing with Strong about a fairly strict censorship, I cannot agree that only a few pictures were taken of the *Michigan*

travels on its belly,' and by that token will any soldier who served between 1914 and August, 1918, in Company I, 29th Infantry, ever forget the old mess hall in our barracks at Culebra, Panama Canal Zone?

"If my memory serves me right, Cooco and Heiney had seen service at one time in the German army and I do not believe that any native-born soldiers were more patriotic or loyal than these two men were to their adopted country.

"In the kitchen Cooco and Heiney were strict disciplinarians, ruling all under their jurisdiction autocratically as only army



Cooco and Heiney, in their field kitchen during maneuvers at Charera, Canal Zone, 1918, are presented as the best cooks in the Army by men of Company I, 29th Infantry. Any other contenders?

after the storm. I have seen at least thirty different snapshots taken by gobs I knew—and when you consider there were about 900 in the crew, there must be many more. The snapshot I am enclosing was taken by me from the platform of the port boat crane looking forward, after the *Michigan* had been put into dry-dock for repairs. The Navy Yard workmen may be seen in the basket mast and on the boat deck.

"The crumpled corner of the bridge shows where the mast nicked it on the way down. The steamer and motor-sailer in the foreground, as well as other objects, show the snow that was falling when the snapshot was taken. Inasmuch as your previous story of the *Michigan* brought some former shipmates together, it may do so again. Let's hope so!"



WE HAVE heard so many Army cooks and mess sergeants damned—often, perhaps, through no fault of their own but because of the failure of supplies to show up—that it is a treat to have a man step forward and announce that the two fellows who prepared chow for his outfit were the "best cooks in the Army." William Mackey of Springfield (Pennsylvania) Post is the man who offers the commendation and he even sends along a picture of the two paragons who, evidently, operated under rather crude conditions at times. All right, Mackey, you tell about 'em:

"I wonder if I could introduce to the Then and Now Gang, 'Cooco' and 'Heiney,' Company I, 29th Infantry—the best cooks in the Army. It was Frederick the Great who said, 'An army

cooks can. In the opinion of Company I, the rating I give them was correct and when we were in barracks, they would prepare meals that few cooks, army or otherwise, could. In the field, no pains or efforts were spared to provide the best. After a tough day's march with full equipment I have seen the mess tent pitched, slum, jam, bread and coffee ready almost by the time our pup tents were up—and in those days nothing sounded so good as the mess sergeant's whistle and the cry of 'Come and get it.'

Our appetizer in the field was ten grains of quinine per man each night before chow as a preventive against malarial fever!

"They kept us busy down in the Zone. While in barracks at Camp Gaillard, Culebra, we followed the

usual army routine—close and extended order drill, range and combat fire. We did guard duty on the canal locks and at other strategic points in the Zone, trail cutting and mapping in the interior and had yearly field maneuvers. The picture of Cooco and Heiney was taken during the 1918 maneuvers at Charera which were held in conjunction with the 4th Field Artillery. These maneuvers were climaxed by a forced march back to Culebra, some thirty miles, and I believe it was claimed that we broke some army record for a regiment marching that distance with full equipment.

"One interesting incident which occurred early in 1918 was a threatened political disturbance in the Republic of Panama. The republic's president had died (violently, it was rumored) and the political party in power refused to hold an election that seemed to have been in order. Picked troops from the several

Infantry regiments on duty in the Zone, the 4th Field Artillery and 12th Cavalry were sent to Panama City where they paraded through the streets and returned to their regular posts in the Zone the same day.

"The threatened trouble did not occur and the most friendly relations were maintained among all concerned. At an election which was held shortly afterwards, the United States soldiers co-operated with the local authorities at the election polls in maintaining order."

EACH year more thousands of Legionnaires are getting double value for the money expended in attending the Legion National Convention. That happy circumstance derives from the fact that each year more outfits are holding their annual reunions at the time and place of the national convention. The convention city for 1936 is Cleveland, Ohio; the time, September 21st to 24th.

While it may seem a little early to announce reunions, Cleveland is preparing for that added feature of the convention and J. M. Sawyer, 14907 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland, has been appointed Reunion Chairman. He is ready to help your organization with plans for whatever form your reunion may take—banquet, entertainment, or what have you. When you report your reunion to him, report it also to the Company Clerk of the Monthly so that announcements may be published in this column.

Detailed information regarding the following Cleveland convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

4TH Div. Assoc.—National and State reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention. Roy L. Hiller, chmn., 418 Burleigh av., Dayton, Ohio.

14TH ENGRS. (L. R.) VETS. Assoc.—Convention reunion. Send name and address to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for monthly paper, the *News*.

23D ENGRS. Assoc.—Convention reunion. Write to Bonny H. Benson, editor, official paper, *The Engineer Along the Highway of Life*.

AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Reunion. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 6 VETS. Assoc.—Reunion. Russell I. Frenstiss, South Lincoln, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Carl D. McCarthy, comdg. officer, Kempton, Ind.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel officer, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

3D Div.—Send name and address to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., for free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH Div.—Natl. 4th Div. Assoc. wants to contact men interested in organizing 4th Div. Chapters in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota and South Dakota. Copy of *Ivy Leaves* and application for Château Thierry Medal sent free to men who send name, address and outfit, with stamped return envelope, to Carlton E. Dunn, 8514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

4TH Div. Assoc. OF PENN.—Reunion at Rittenhouse Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., afternoon and evening, Jan. 25. C. Roland Gelatt, secy., 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia.

YANKEE (26TH) Div. VETS. Assoc.—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. *The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit, to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OHIO RAINBOW Div. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio, June 5-6. Dale F. Powers, 58 Kent (Continued on page 64)

This positive no-risk offer attracts pipe smokers by its fairness



If you are a pipe smoker who would enjoy a better smoke, this remarkable no-risk offer is right down your alley!

You are the judge—The risk is all on us. Prince Albert has to satisfy you. And we believe it will. For we use only choice, selected grades of naturally mild tobaccos. Any "bite" is removed to make it absolutely certain Prince Albert is mild and delicate in taste. Then it is scientifically "crimp cut" for slow, cool smoking. Swing back the lid. What a captivating, delicate fragrance! Smoke up—and the wonder grows. You're

on the joy road now! New pipe contentment is yours—for keeps!

The big 2-ounce economy tin—We pack and tamp the rich golden-brown tobacco into the package until there are around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce red tin. The tin also guards against flavor-loss.

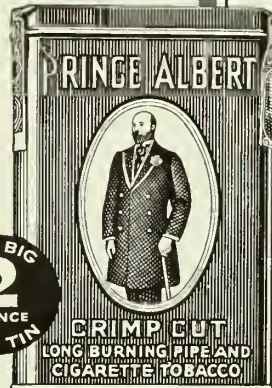
So it's little wonder that pipe smokers are flocking to Prince Albert, "the national joy smoke," backed by our definite you-must-be-pleased way of guaranteeing satisfaction.

Time flies—start today to smoke P. A. You owe it to yourself to know the difference.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke!

Souvenir Hound

(Continued from page 21)

Hannon cut her short. "This doesn't prove a thing," he argued. "The artist was killed around midnight. . . ."

"At one, precisely," Tuffé interrupted. "The pastry baker heard the scream. . . ."

Hannon peeled a stick of chewing gum. "Well, around twelve or one o'clock," he corrected himself.

The girl looked quickly at Lieutenant Black, new alarm in her eyes. But he shook his head.

"This man," he indicated Hannon, "is just a stupid corporal. You've talked too much already."

BUT Marie, ignoring him, burst into further disclosures.

"I tell everything to you, monsieur," she cried to Hannon, "to save my boy! All the truth, certainly. I have not talked too much. As I inform you, at fifteen minutes before the midnight, we have arrived at the wall. We cross over, in the garden. A small distance from the gate is a bench of iron, cast in my father's foundry. We go to it. The bench is most perfectly secluded, monsieur, by the large trees."

"You? How shameless!" Tuffé exclaimed.

"Be still, thou," she answered. "We sit there. It is no affair of thine."

"How near the gate?" Hannon asked.

"But very near to it, monsieur. Ten meters only. On the bench we sit."

"You haven't any right to badger this girl, corporal!" Lieutenant Black interposed. "This isn't the Spanish Inquisition!"

"The which?" Hannon asked. "She don't have to talk unless she wants to."

The girl persisted. "We remain in conversation on that bench until the clock barks for two o'clock."

Hannon repeated, "Two? You mean you sat there from a quarter of twelve till two o'clock?"

"That is the truth."

"You must of had a lot to say to each other."

Private Perth laughed insolently. "The Shavetail's got a way with women!" he taunted.

"Shut up," Hannon ordered. The girl had flushed, and the corporal tried to be polite. "While you two sat there, miss, parleying about the weather and this and that, did you happen to notice anybody leave the house or come back to it?"

She shook her head. She had seen no one.

"Only as we arrive," she remembered, "my poor boy thinks a person is entering the main door. I, too, hear a sound. But it is impossible, do you not understand, monsieur?"

"Why impossible?"

"Because there is no key except my father's, and he is safe in the bed, asleep."

Hannon frowned. "I see," he answered, though as a matter of fact he didn't. "You're sure," he insisted, "you could see the gate from where you sat?"

"Positively."

"That is right," the brigadier interrupted. "I know the bench. To watch for callers through the gate it is there."

"You heard the glass breaking then," Hannon asked, "when somebody busted in?"

"Busted?" she repeated, confused.

"When someone broke in, Marie," Lieutenant Black interjected. "When someone entered."

"No, no," she said. "I hear no glass. Who breaks a glass, monsieur?"

Hannon asked skeptically, "Your old man didn't tell you about somebody breaking in the house last night?"

"But no, monsieur!" She obviously was telling the truth, in this at least. "You frighten me, monsieur! I hear of nothing! I have spoken little with my father since yesterday. I sleep today. I do not leave my chamber till dinner, and he then tells me of the . . . the most fearful crime, and of my poor boy! That is enough! He tells no more . . . he is distracted! He has mislaid the nose glasses. . . ."

She broke off, and Hannon, after a silent minute, walked across the room and tossed his chewing gum into the brigadier's empty stove.

"I guess that settles it, then," he said.

"Settles what?" Black demanded.

But before Hannon could speak there was a commotion in the doorway. The Marquis de Campeau, hurrying blindly up the step without his glasses, tripped on the sill and sprawled into the room.

Private Perth laughed boisterously.

"I'll have it whitewashed, m'seer," he howled.

THE girl ran forward; then, as if afraid of her father, she drew back to the lieutenant, who, in turn, took one hesitant step toward the old man. Perruche slid off his bench and bowed servilely. Tuffé cried:

"What now has transpired?"

Hannon took out a fresh piece of gum.

"Where is my daughter?" Campeau panted. "I just hear a fearful thing! A servant tells my wife! Last night. . . ."

"She went to the theater, is that the fearful thing?" Hannon said.

Campeau blinked at him unseeing. "Who are you?" he demanded coldly, then added, "How should I know where they went?"

Brigadier Tuffé took his arm. "The American," he apologized. "The American policeman."

The marquis jerked his arm free. "Bah!" he shouted. "I care not for your murder now! It is my daughter I want! Where is she?" He tried once more to see the group about the room. The girl did not move. "With this American assassin," her father told them, "she has spent the night. . . ."

Hannon raised his voice above the marquis'.

"It ain't our murder," he said, "but even if it ain't, we got it straightened out. Down to the lieutenant's billet I took a sweet rap on the head this morning. Too tall for that door."

Campeau loomed above him.

"What has that to do with my disgrace?" he bellowed.

Hannon ignored the question. "Quite a rap on the head," he said. "Near knocked my skull off! Door wasn't built for guys our size, Mister Campeau. Happened to look down, though, and noticed this on the floor."

HE HELD out his hand, palm upward. Tuffé moved forward a pace and peered with astonishment. Black stretched his neck. Even Perruche got up from his bench, and Perth, who had taken an amused attitude, walked quickly forward. He bent over.

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't something to find!"

Tuffé, confused, said, "But what, monsieur? What is it?"

Hannon's palm was empty. He moved it in the light, so that they all could observe it. Campeau bent closer. "My glasses . . . I have mislaid them. I cannot see what you have. . . ."

"Guess that's why you didn't pick it up last night off de Roche's floor," Hannon told him. "It's a lens out your spectacles. I stepped on it. . . ."

Campeau cried, "But no! I tell you . . . no!"

Hannon shoved his empty palm closer to Campeau.

"Proof enough for me. Why'd you kill de Roche?"

"No!" the girl cried. "No!"

Campeau's big body swayed, then he begged, "A chair, Tuffé. Please."

The giant Perth caught him as he was about to fall. He set him down on the bench.

"Change places with you, froggie," he said. "So you're the guy?"

Campeau's daughter, clinging to Black, cried again, "No, no! Not my father!"

"Sorry," Hannon told her, and Black said, "Don't listen to him!" But the girl pulled away and ran across the room to her father. Campeau raised his big head.

"The American can prove nothing, Marie," he asserted, but his voice was suddenly deflated.

Hannon answered, "'Fraid we can, sir. The lieutenant, here, will help, if he knows what's good for him. He's not accused of murder. He was just in the bogus souvenir business." He produced the iron cross from his pocket and put it on the table; beside it he laid the German belt buckle.

Black said hoarsely: "Those are genuine German. . . ."

But Perth interrupted: "Yeh, ain't they! Best fake business in the world! I could sell fifty, hundred a day, easy as pickin' daisies. . . ."

Black yelled: "Shut your damned mouth, or I'll shut it for you!"

"You and how many other shavetails?" Perth inquired.

"I guess you cheated too much on him, lieutenant," Hannon said. "He don't feel like helping you out now."

"But what has this to do with me?" Campeau demanded.

"Plenty," Hannon said, and glanced uncomfortably at the girl, who was crying.

"You prove nothing!" Campeau protested.

"Okay, boss, I will. Let's see your hand where you got cut chasing vagabonds out your house at midnight."

Campeau tried to be severe.

"I do that. At midnight. Exactly. The proof . . . there." He held out his cut palm.

"Chased 'em right out the front gate," Hannon persisted.

"That is true . . ." Campeau began, but his daughter cried unwittingly:

"The gate . . . but no, father . . . I was. . . ."

The lieutenant said numbly, "You couldn't have, sir. We were sitting right there. . . ."

"Besides," Hannon went on, "that's not a glass cut on your hand. A knife did that."

Campeau was standing again, swaying on his feet.

"And that sword stick of de Roche's was bent," Hannon persisted. "Almost double, and at the bend was a thick blood stain. Not at the point, understand. At the bend, where you grabbed it."

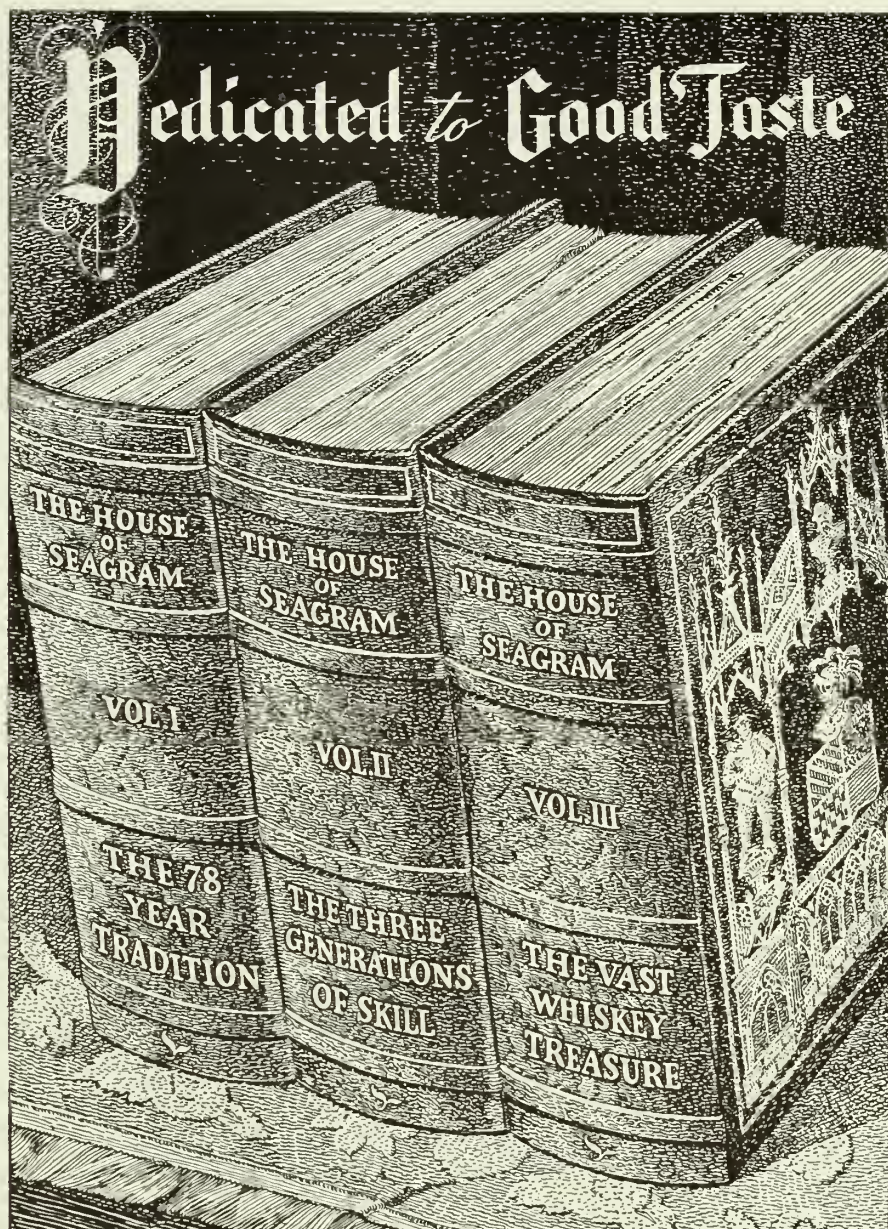
"Please!" Campeau sat down again suddenly. "Permit . . . a glass of brandy. Permit! Then I explain!"

The gendarme brought the brandy and Campeau gulped it.

"It is true!" he whispered. "The man was enraged! He did me assault with that most 'orrible sword. He would kill me. With my right hand I grasp the blade . . . thus, messieurs. I bend it . . . from myself away . . . thus. My hand, most fearfully it is cut. I have no weapon. I see the chair and lift it. In defense, messieurs. With it I strike. Only the once. He release the blade and falls. I stand, bleeding, still holding it."

Hannon was leaning over him.

"And then you run home and break a window and (Continued on page 38)



Without stint, without thought of expense, Seagram devotes all of its traditional pride of craft to making whiskies that are finer. By their excellence in taste Seagram's Crown Whiskies became "America's Favorites." By its distinctive character Seagram's "V.O." became America's fastest selling bonded whiskey. And Seagram's vast treasure of rare whiskies insures *finer taste* for years to come.

Seagram's

*Bottled-in-Bond
and Blended Whiskies*



SEAGRAM'S "V. O."

Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 6 years old. 90 proof.



SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Matchlessly blended for taste . . . with a master's touch. Full 90 proof, rich — yet mild in taste.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

Souvenir Hound

(Continued from page 37)

talk burglars, eh? But your girl and this lieutenant see somebody go in the door. You're supposed to be in bed, but you've got the only key. That was just midnight. The widow heard the fight, all right."

Campeau stammered: "The widow?" "The woman upstairs. Before midnight. The cry later, at one o'clock, was this guy's wife." The corporal turned on the wretched Perruche. "She come home early in the evening without getting any money off de Roche for once, and you raise hell, Perruche, and she goes back to try to collect some."

The little man sank lower on his bench. "You follow her," the corporal charged. "When she finds the corpse and runs down the street hollering so loud the baker hears, you run after her. . . ."

Perruche nodded. "Oui," he mumbled, "but I kill no one."

"I was forced to do it," Campeau cried defensively. "De Roche and this American," he raised his right hand to point at Black, winced, and dropped it, "they come to me, many months ago! The artist tells how easy to fool the Americans. With pictures. . . ."

"That's right," Hannon acknowledged. "Will I make the souvenirs, they wish to know. My poor foundry is closed. I need the work. We are partners, the three of us." He indicated Black again.

"Three of you," Hannon agreed, "your hands all dirty from the same stick."

But Black objected: "I had nothing to do with the forgeries!"

"Campeau's talking now," Hannon said. "Go on, sir."

"Now de Roche comes to me," Campeau continued. "He says he requires no more iron souvenirs. The soldiers are depart. The tourists are beginning to arrive. They will buy the pictures as before the war. I beg of him, continue as we are. He refuses. I tell him, then, we must still be the partners, if he makes the pictures. . . ."

"Ah!" Hannon exclaimed. "That's what I been waiting to know. Everything else was clear. You wanted a cut?"

"Why not?" the Frenchman retorted. "Were we not partners? But the greedy de Roche will not listen. So I tell him I will disclose to the world his fraudulent art. He leaves my gate most angry. So I go to the lieutenant to speak with him

concerning it. I forget the door of his house is low. I stumble . . . my glasses fall . . . I cannot see well. . . ."

"Can't see the lieutenant?"

"He is not there. Only the artist is there. He also searches the lieutenant. We quarrel again. I . . . messieurs, I threaten him in my anger and he picks up the walking stick and unsheaths the sword. . . ."

"I guess that's enough," Hannon said. He did not look at the girl.

Perruche, standing up abjectly, begged, "Now that I prove my innocence, may I return home to my loving wife?"

"Sure," Hannon said, "get out of here. You, brigadier, take your brave nobleman. Come, lieutenant."

"No!" the girl protested. Black took her arms from his neck.

"Sorry, miss," Hannon said. "Kinda hard on you." He hesitated; then, abruptly: "Come along, too, Perth."

The A.W.O.L. picked up the iron cross.

"What you want *that* for?" Hannon demanded.

"To keep," Perth told him. "Souvenir of a murder."

THE END

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 15)

\$10 Prize

A PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE

WHEN I left home as an overgrown boy to seek work, my mother packed my old suitcase, and as she was putting in the leather Bible, left by grandpa, she looked up and said with great earnestness:

"Son, if you are ever in trouble, if you ever need a friend, turn to the thirteenth chapter of Job."

"I will," I promised carelessly. My "scalper's" ticket would take me as far as Salt Lake City, and I was eager for the wide open spaces.

Work was not plentiful. The pastures were not as green as I had dreamed they would be, and my slender funds were soon spent. I began to miss meals, my clothes and the soles of my shoes were worn through.

The promise to mother came to mind, but I thought, "What's the use?" It's the same old story. Religion would only be cold comfort.

Half dead with hunger, but still too proud to beg, I hopped a freight to Denver. In the morning, I got off, more dead than alive. I limped along the tracks over a mass of cinders that cut my feet at every step I took.

Sitting down, I looked in my suitcase for a piece of cardboard to cover the holes in my shoes, and the Bible came to hand, as it had many times before.

This time I opened it to the thirteenth chapter of Job, and there neatly folded and pinned to the page was a twenty-dollar bill!—B. F. BORCHART, *Tampa, Florida*.

\$10 Prize

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

THE wedding was at the home of the bride. The couple stood up before me as the officiating clergyman and I read the service down to the question, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony?"

The prospective groom made no answer. As if to reprimand him for his inattention, I read the question again slowly and sternly. Finally he drawled out, "I've been thinking it over, and I dunno as I will."

The bride collapsed like a punctured tire and sank to the floor in a dead faint. We sprinkled water on her face until she became conscious again. She summoned the man to the kitchen for a diplomatic conference. The groom was obdurate.

He said he wasn't sure what he wanted to do, so had decided to do nothing. But the bride knew what she wanted and insisted on being married.

After an hour of fruitless discussion I started to leave. As I stepped off the porch, the man opened the door and called out, "Wait a minute. We are going to finish it."

The ceremony was duly performed. I kept in touch with the couple for three years after their marriage, and so far as I have learned, they lived happily ever after.—REV. WALTER D. CAVERT, *Oswego, New York*.

\$10 Prize

AT THE BRINK OF THE CHASM

MY BIG Moment arrived on October 27, 1918, at an elevation of 4500 feet on the slopes of Monte Grappa, on the Italian front, where my outfit, Section 565, U. S. Army Ambulance Service, was serving with the Italian Army.

We had left the town of Crespano, at the foot of the mountain, late that night to evacuate a score of wounded from a dressing station established near a ridge separating Monte Grappa and Monte Boccaor. Except for an occasional cry of "Piano" from within, my ambulance

with twelve sitting patients was coming down the mountain without incident when suddenly it began to slither toward the outside edge of the narrow roadway, on my right. I pulled the wheel to the left. No result! It flashed on me in an instant what the trouble was. While we had been at the top of the peak awaiting our load of wounded it had rained and the road was just wet enough to be slimy slick!

I eased on the brake, but the sideward motion continued. The car was out of control and headed for I knew not what! And then miraculously the brakes took hold and—we came to a stop at the brink of a cliff!

Somehow we broke out the skid chains and got them on the wheels. Next morning we again were on our way up Grappa and came upon the skid marks of the night before. From the bottom of the retaining wall the canyon dropped away in a series of jagged outcroppings almost vertically for a distance of five hundred feet!

The twelve "seduti" inside our ambulance never knew how close they came that night to sudden death.—C. D. CLEARWATER, *Pacific Palisades, California.*

\$10 Prize THE LAST COMFORT

IT WAS four-fifteen o'clock one afternoon in 1918, as I stood in the doorway of our service station watching the various groups of laughing children homeward bound from school. An enormous loaded truck was making the turn around our corner, when I saw a rosy-checked, ten-year-old schoolboy, lunch-pail in hand, rush at the truck endeavoring to jump on the running board. I heard the driver's shout of warning and saw the boy slip and fall under the wheels of the truck.

The driver stopped immediately, and he and others carried the child into our station and laid him on our counter. A wheel had passed over the lower part of his body, cutting him almost in two. Anyone could see that he was fatally injured. He was crying and calling, "Mamma."

Someone telephoned for a doctor, but my only thought was to get his mother, who lived a mile away. I jumped into my car. I knew every moment would count, but the car, a light one, would leave the road at thirty-five miles per hour, and I almost wrecked it in attempting to hurry. Adding to the delay, the mother seemed dazed and wanted to change her dress in order to look more presentable, but I finally induced her to hasten so that we arrived before the little soul had fled.

It was a big moment when I saw the weakening little arms uplifted, and heard the scared sobbing cease at sight of his mother's face.—ANNE ELLIOTT, *Lookout, California.* (Continued on page 40)



My adventure with the invisible

by Lowell Thomas, *World Traveler—Radio Commentator*

MACHINES chattered around me, a bewildering complexity of mechanism endowed with superhuman faculties of precision. They had cost millions of dollars—years of thought and research. As I stood on the fifth floor of the Gillette factory in Boston I reflected: "Imagine this prodigious assembling of technological perfection, just to make a blade."

My guide corrected me, saying: "That isn't what we are turning out here. We are all collaborating here to produce a perfect edge. And that, actually and positively, is a thing that you *cannot see*."

I was to learn he was right. My guide took me upstairs and introduced me to a technician who presided over an amazing instrument. The pet gadget of the blond young modern Merlin from M. I. T. is a "sharpness comparer." Within its mysterious interior an adaptation of the weird usefulness of the photo-electric eye detects to an uncanny degree of accuracy whether that precious edge comes up to Gillette standards of sharpness.

There I realized that what my guide had told me was true. The perfect edge is perfectly invisible. It can be measured only with light-waves!

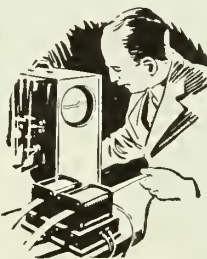
In my wanderings around the globe this is just about the most

astounding spectacle I have observed in modern industry. I mean all this mighty, elaborately mechanized organization engaged in producing the unseeable.

Electric furnaces in which coils of steel are hardened and tempered, furnaces that look like long, miniature tunnels. Inside they are 1500 degrees hot, outside they are so cool you can rest your hands upon them. Diamonds from the fields of Kimberley or Brazil that play their part in the testing machines. Microscopes with a 3000-power magnifying capacity. Cathode ray oscillographs that far outstrip man's poor faculties of perception or accuracy.

And all for what? To turn out something too fine for the human eye to perceive—to produce a shaving edge of incomparable keenness. The doctors of physics, the draughtsmen in the designing room, the toolmakers in the machine shop are constantly experimenting, to produce an even sharper, smoother-shaving edge—and it's difficult for me to imagine that today's Gillette blade could be improved upon. I know—I've tried them all—in all parts of the world.

So in view of what I've seen and experienced, I can't imagine how any shaver could select a blade other than Gillette.



Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from page 39)

IT WAS January, 1919. I was pharmacist in post hospital at Fort Terry.

All the fellows were getting restless, waiting for discharges. Saturday night a bunch of us were doing bunk fatigue in the C. O.'s office, when the 'phone rang. Sergeant Kelser took the message and coming over to me said: "Etheridge, I'm sorry to tell you, but a telegram just arrived saying your wife died today at ten o'clock."

I was completely overwhelmed. The fellows were very kind to me, saw the C. O. and arranged for a pass for me.

Early Sunday morning I got the original telegram and took the boat for New London. Arriving there, I wired my brother-in-law that I'd be home Monday if I made connections.

After a sleepless night made Cape Charles early Monday morning, but a dense fog prevented our arrival in Norfolk till my train had left. This fact increased my misery.

When the boat docked, and I stepped off the gangplank, the first person I saw was my wife! Was this my biggest moment?

After greetings, she inquired why I hadn't wired her. Handing her the telegram, I said, "You failed to give me your new address."

Yes, she's still with me, the liveliest corpse you ever saw!

In explanation, the telegram should have been, "Your brother's wife died today."—S. C. ETHERIDGE, *Elizabeth City, North Carolina.*

IN LATE winter of 1917 the 31st Division, training at Camp Wheeler, near Macon, Georgia, went on a campaign march under full equipment twenty miles. Camp was erected, and the soldiers did not wait for Taps to crawl into bed.

The next morning at reveille one private was slow in dressing and appeared with one leggin untied. He slipped in the rear rank, hoping to escape the eagle eye of his captain but failed. The captain was an old soldier, up from the ranks, and was hard as nails on any sloppy soldier. A good soldier could get away with murder with him if the murder was committed in a military manner. He had the most military bearing of any officer I saw in the war.

The captain saw the untidy leggin and started one of his hard-boiled lectures on the slothful appearance of soldiers in general and this private in particular. He berated the whole company for its

conduct on the march. They were lazy and careless in their dress—a leggin improperly arranged was a mark of character. He then gave a long lecture on proper dress, while the company shivered from the cold. The captain appeared to be perfectly warm in his high boots and heavy overcoat.

Finally he finished and told the top sergeant to take the company—saluted, left-faced and started to his tent. He did not take a full step before he tripped over a tent rope and fell full length on the hard ground. His overcoat flew up and showed he had nothing on but underwear, boots and overcoat.—OLIVER B. HALL, *Birmingham, Alabama.*

FOUR years ago my husband lay in his father's home in South Carolina, wasting away to a skeleton. The private physician either did not know what the trouble was, or did not know what to do for it, and told us nothing. Finally, despairing of my husband's life, and with funds exhausted, I appealed to the Veterans Bureau. Within an hour a kindly and sympathetic physician was at his bedside, and he was ordered at once to the then nearest Government Hospital, at Atlanta. Unable to travel alone, a thoughtful and sympathetic attendant made the trip of 256 miles with him, in a Pullman car compartment, and I followed shortly thereafter.

The doctors could not have treated me more kindly had I been a sister, but they could give me nothing to hope for, saying that my husband had been placed under their care too late, and that he was suffering with a serious complication of empyema, multiple neuritis and neurasthenia. When he was admitted to this hospital he weighed 85 pounds, having weighed 178 before his sudden illness.

For two months of hoping against hope, he lingered between life and death, while the doctors tried to build up his strength sufficiently for an operation. Then, after eight trips to the operating table, he began slowly to improve. The doctors disclaimed all credit. They said it was a patent miracle, due, no doubt, to his rugged constitution, notwithstanding years of silent suffering from war injuries.

It was my big moment when, sixteen months after his admission, my husband walked out of the gate beside me on crutches, totally and permanently disabled, so the doctors said, but alive, and facing the world with his same old smile. Since then he has discarded the crutches. Who knows? There's no limit on miracles, that I know of.—MRS. JOSEPH JEFFORDS, *Chamblee, Georgia.*



LISTEN, BEN. YOU LOOK SWELL IN THE MORNING, BUT BY 5 O'CLOCK YOUR BEARD MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TRAMP.

SO THAT'S WHY MARY TURNED ME DOWN AFTER MAKING A DATE THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT GIVES YOU A SWELL, COMFORTABLE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER!





BEFORE SHAVING
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shave last longer.

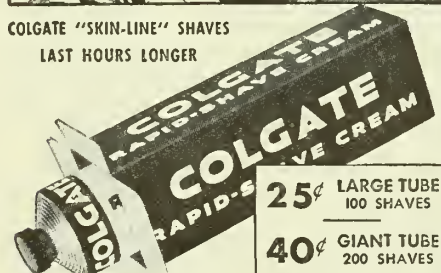
SO NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME OUT TONIGHT, BEN.

NICE FOR ME, TOO!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES MAKE!



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

\$10 Prize
THE MAJOR FOUND OUT

ABOUT eight years after the Armistice, I was a guest at a dinner at the University Club in New York, in honor of the chief engineer of the German State Railways, Major R. P. Wagner. I rated the invitation by virtue of being the mechanical superintendent of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, up here in Maine. Major Wagner gave a very interesting talk on the German railroad situation and in conclusion became reminiscent regarding his experiences in the World War. He spoke at some length about his last active command, which was at the German Military Railroad Headquarters at Conflans near the Meuse. It appeared that the major, when it became certain that he would have to evacuate in face of the rapidly advancing Allied Forces, in late 1918, decided that his "Demolition Crew" might as well make things as tough as they could for the Allies, so they planted time bombs, reversed the poles on motors, put emery dust in bearings, and as a final gesture attempted to destroy the two very important water towers with time explosives. The major stated that he had always wondered just how effective his efforts at demolition were and was most interested to know whether or not the water towers were toppled.

During the "Open Forum" period, you can believe me I got the thrill of my life when I took the opportunity to get on my feet and then and there, before the German major and my friends, informed them that but one of the water towers had actually fallen and the other, which was but slightly damaged, was in commission in short order, as were most of the other facilities, which our advance party had checked over and repaired. The major looked at me in wonderment, particularly when I informed him that it was my good luck to have been the American captain in charge of the first Railroad Occupancy convoy moved up to occupy Conflans, directly after the Germans moved out. The major was nearly overcome. There we were, living thousands of miles apart, and we had been thus thrown together under these most unusual conditions.—WILLIAM G. KNIGHT, Derby, Maine.

\$10 Prize
SHE WAS PROUD OF HIM

I WAS six, my brother four when one day while playing on the edge of a quarry hole near our home, my brother fell in and was drowned. A year later, my other brother was shot accidentally by a .22 caliber rifle, and died three days afterward. When I was eight my father died, so when on April 4, 1917, I appeared at home with my uniform on and told my mother that I had enlisted in the 104th Infantry and my mother said, instead of the (Continued on page 42)

FEBRUARY, 1936



Sweetheart:

Please forgive my being so cross last night. It wasn't your smoking a pipe; it was the smell of the tobacco that irritated me. I'm sending you a little peace offering—a swell mixture I got from the boss's humidor.

As ever,

Dorothy

Dear Dorothy:

If you like your boss's rare, old Kentucky Burley Tobacco, you'd better go out with him instead of me. When I can keep my pipe in the style to which you are accustomed, I'll drop around...but don't hold your breath.

Sincerely,

Bill

Dear Bill:

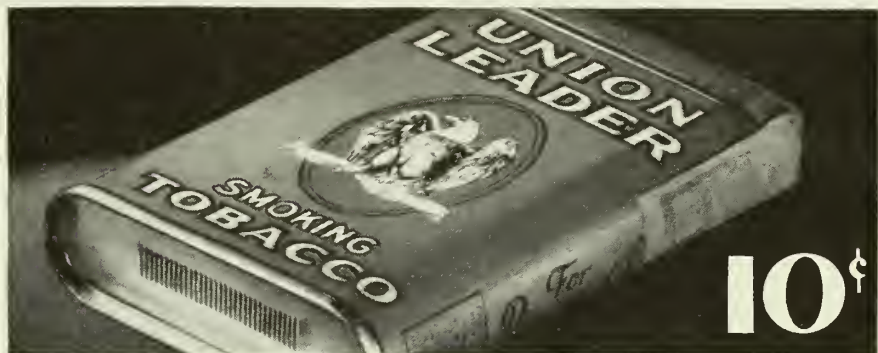
You don't deserve another thought, but I can't help telling you the tobacco I sent you costs only 10¢. It's called Union Leader—my boss sent me out for some today. If you work real hard, you may be able to buy it some day. Good luck!

Dorothy

TELEGRAM:

DOROTHY DEVOE, CITY
WILL YOU MEET ME AFTER
WORK TONIGHT AT THE USUAL
PLACE STOP AS EVER BILL

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TAKE your eyes off Union Leader's 10¢ price tag and let its rich, old Kentucky Burley tell you here's a smoking tobacco that beats any expensive mixture you ever tried. Sure, it's smooth; expert blending does it! Sure, it's mellow;

aging good tobacco naturally makes it better! Fragrant? Like a Kentucky breeze! Try a tin! Compare it with any tobacco, regardless of cost. Then look at Union Leader's price. Man, what a bargain! (It's swell in cigarettes, too!)

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 41)

expected scolding, "I'm glad that I have one boy left that I can give to my country if need be," that was my Big Moment. Coming from an immigrant mother how could any such son help from being true to the cause for which he contended and faithful to his home and to those that had been his comrades.—WILLIAM LARSON, *Hopedale, Massachusetts*.

\$10 Prize

A UNIQUE WARTIME MEDAL

RETURNING to the barracks of the Second Regiment of the French Foreign Legion near Croanne I observed an old lady with a despairing cry plunge into the Meuse. Rescuing her, I was arrested for risking my life to save a civilian. At court martial I was commanded to read the Code Napoleon.

Summoned to headquarters a week later, I was amazed to find my officers, two civilians and a band in the square.

The news of my exploit had reached the Humane Society in Paris. The band played the Marseillaise, the captain ordered me forward, the distinguished Parisians spoke, claiming my rescue of Mme. Burton, who on learning of the death of her third son in battle attempted to drown herself, would cement the cordial relations between the U. S. and France.

I was thereupon decorated with the Médaille pour Sauvatage, awarded to life-guards and firemen for heroism. Many were the smiles exchanged by my American comrades at this unusual ceremony, the first of its kind in army circles.

I later transferred to the Yankee Division and on demobilization at Camp Devens passed an examination for life guard at a Boston beach. On ascertaining that I had this medal for life saving in France I was immediately employed and for three summers I worked as life-guard, one of the few doughboys who obtained a job through the medium of a decoration obtained in the World War.—MICHAEL S. MOONEY, *Boston, Massachusetts*.

\$10 Prize

FLYING THE FIRST LIBERTY

WHILE stationed at Villacoublay airdrome just outside of Paris I was placed in charge of testing airplanes that the French Government turned over to the United States Army for use at the front and also school planes. One day in the spring of 1918 I received an order from Colonel Dunwoody to proceed by plane to A.S.P.C. No. 2 at Romorantin and test out the first Liberty to arrive

in France. I proceeded at once to Romorantin and watched the assembly of this DH-4 and when it was ready to fly, the Liberty was moved out on the flying field and a holiday was declared. All operations ceased and then soldiers stationed there came out on the field to watch the first American battle plane to take off in France. The engine and propeller were covered with the tri-color and British, French and American brass hats were very much in evidence, the signal corps were on hand to take official pictures, and in the meantime I was stationed in front of the plane with Captain Miller, who was to go up as my observer. A beautiful French lady presented me with a bunch of flowers and as my nerves were already taxed to the breaking point these flowers seemed as they were a symbol of my last flight, and I told her that I expected that I would need them worse when I landed than I did at that time. I had never flown a Liberty-motored plane and I had heard wild rumors of the power in these engines and that no propeller had been made to take care of this power. When I took off I did not rev the engine up to full speed and how I took that big ship off without mishap and landed safely has always been a mystery to me. That was my thrill of a lifetime.—B. R. OSBORNE, *Weeksbury, Kentucky*.

\$10 Prize

THEY COMFORTED HER

I CAME to this country from Germany in 1927 and later married a German veteran who had fought for his fatherland in the World War. On many occasions I felt homesick because the war was still fresh in every American's mind and Germans were looked upon with scorn.

On Sunday, May 3, 1931, while returning from the North Beach Airport with our baby an automobile bore down upon us unexpectedly. My husband's first thought was our baby's safety, so he shoved the carriage free from the speeding auto's path only to be hurled in the air and killed himself.

In a strange land I was helpless, but soon realized the meaning of the true American spirit. Many people I never knew came and offered assistance and condolence. A Legionnaire, informed that my husband was a German veteran, told the officers of the Astoria Post about it.

The night before the funeral, while sitting alone in the funeral home, I was startled to hear the tramp of marching feet entering the room. As the door opened I saw a man in uniform. He came over to me and softly said, "Permit

me to introduce myself, Madam. I am Commander Charles Maskiel of Astoria Post, American Legion. Our members have come here tonight to pay homage to your husband, a German veteran. There is no malice in our hearts; the time has come to have it known that peace on earth, good will toward men reign supreme."

The Legion ritual was performed, a beautiful wreath placed on the casket; its streamer I still have as a token of a great moment.—MRS. CLARA PFITZMEIER, *Long Island City, New York*.

\$10 Prize

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

ON JANUARY 14, 1907, I was staying with my family at a house in the hills—1,500 feet elevation from which one had a wonderful view of the City of Kingston and its large harbor, in Jamaica, West Indies.

I had just had a bath and put on my underwear, when suddenly the room began to rock, and the walls seemed to come toward me. Everything was falling round me. I ran out of the house, unmindful of my dress, and stood on the hillside, looking toward the city. Big stones rolled down past me, and to my astonishment Kingston seemed to be blotted out. There were great clouds of fog, but I soon realized the clouds must be of dust. It seemed an eternity before the dust began to settle, and then in three places I saw flames appear and spread rapidly.

I shall never forget the thrill which ran through me as I stood there fighting the nausea caused by the shaking of the ground under me. Great, wide cracks appeared in the road down the hill. I realized I had passed through a great earthquake.

Seventeen hundred people were killed that afternoon. Among them were my younger brother, and also my brother-in-law. The body of the latter was never recovered, as it was burned up in the fire which I had seen begin, and which could not be extinguished for three days. This destroyed all the business section of Kingston.

It was six weeks before I slept under a roof again, and in the months following I felt many more shocks.—MISS ETHEL RANDALL, *Long Island City, New York*.

\$10 Prize

HE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER AGAIN

IN ORDER to tell of my big moment, I must go back to 1916, when my parents, after 33 years of wedded life, were divorced, for reasons best known

to themselves. Being more or less a home-loving body, this hurt me beyond words.

In July, 1917 I enlisted in the U. S. Army, and Christmas of that same year, found me on my way to France.

Brother Henry, wanting to keep me posted on the war situation, paid a one-year's subscription to what was then known as the *Omaha Daily News*. A copy went out in the mail each day, addressed to me Somewhere in France. Now we all know that the mail service on the front lines was anything but perfect, and we were lucky to get it once a month. While waiting to go over the top, on the St. Mihiel front, I received about thirty papers, and not having time to read them all, just glanced at the front pages, and threw them away. After about ten papers I came upon my own and mother's and father's pictures, and right then and there the war ended for me. The clipping read, "Emil Stahmer, Omaha boy, now in the trenches in France, was the means of reuniting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stahmer, 5414 So. 18th St. after being divorced two years.—EMIL STAHMER, South Omaha, Nebraska.

\$10 Prize
"SANTA CLAUS!"

I SERVED my bit in the Naval Intelligence department during the war, also saw some service in the aviation section of the Army, but the big moment of my life came on December 21, 1934. It is the annual custom of the Jackson, Mississippi, Exchange Club to give a Christmas party to about 300 underprivileged children. I had charge of about seventy-five of these little tots in a big dining room of the Edwards Hotel. The big moment came when a little tot about four years old, emaciated, pale cheeked and too small in size to reach the top of the table to eat, raked all the food in the plate down into her lap, and ravenously began to eat with her fingers, cramming the food into her mouth. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she smiled through them at me, reached up with her food-smeared hands and wrapped her arms about my neck, kissed me, and said, "Santa Claus!" It is needless to say that unashamedly the tears rolled down my cheeks too as, ugly as I am, I realized I was giving to that little tot what she had never had before—a square meal, and that therefore to her I was what she thought "Santa Claus" was. As long as I live that little tot's face will be one of the most pleasant of all cherished memories.—LEON TROTTER, Jackson, Mississippi.

\$10 Prize
THE MARSHAL TALKED

BIG yellow butterflies floated over my tea-table, facing palms and Mediterranean. A (Continued on page 44)

FEBRUARY, 1936

FLAVOUR!

THE most important factor in the world-wide popularity of Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky is its flavour, reminiscent of fragrant peat fires and mountain heather. Taste it ... and you'll know why other critical Americans have added their approval to that of the rest of the world.

Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW & LONDON. Established 1830.

100% SCOTCH WHISKY

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
IMPORTED BY
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

TEACHER'S

"HIGHLAND CREAM"

the Perfection of **SCOTCH WHISKY**

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

IT WASN'T ETHER NEITHER!



IT was the paralyzing combination of rank tobacco in a pipe that needed a major cleaning operation. For wide-awake smoking happiness we prescribe regular pipe cleaning and a diet of mild Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. Sir Walter is a most remarkable combination of sunshiny Kentucky Burleys. So cool and slow-burning it heals scorched tongues and nurses grouches into grins; so delightfully fragrant it will make you and your pipe welcome in any ward or living-room. Try a 15¢ tin—see why it's become a national favorite.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. A-62

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 43)

slight, shabby figure approached, hesitated, spoke to me:

"You permit, Madame? There seems no other place, and I am pressed for time—if you will be so good—."

Perhaps fifty years; erect figure like steel in a faded coat; eyes burning in his dark, weary face. I had noticed him in the lobby, alone, bored, smoking—so furiously that his grizzled head jerked back at each puff.

Lloyd George passed, Megan on his arm; Millerand, Mussolini (then a simple journalist), participants, spectators at the San Remo meeting of the Supreme Council of the Allies.

"You are English, Madame?—Non?—Américain? Ah yes, an accent—"

He sipped, absently, the horrid hotel tea.

"Your Wilson—a poet—a poet! Do you see—when you in America find a chasm beneath your feet, you build a bridge across it, and a railroad, and then you build a city at each end. Wilson—he did not understand that in our old Europe we have our cities built since centuries—that our railroads must turn and twist to suit them. And, alas, the same with our diplomacy. We cannot be simple and direct."

He sighed, rose, bent over my hand, went out, an alien figure in the glint and dazzle.

My friend Simone came then and took his place.

"So!—you refuse yourself nothing!

You do not even invite me when you have tea with Le Maréchal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies."—VIOLA IRWIN WILLIAMS, *Tosny, France.*

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT: The last instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories will be published in the April issue, with an instalment appearing also in March. **No contribution reaching the office of the Monthly in New York after February 1, 1936, will be considered.** The prizes, as heretofore, will be \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. The stories must not contain more than 250 words.

The contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contributions will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision will in all cases be final) enter into a correspondence concerning them.

Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. **Don't send pictures!** Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Submit as many stories as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet.

On Ice—and Hot

(Continued from page 27)

in comparison. After all, it takes quite a horse to run at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and he does not keep this up very long. But really fast skaters in hockey travel at fifty miles an hour, and there are ten of these speed artists plus two goalies on the ice while a hockey game is in progress. Contrary to the impression of people who have their hockey ideas from watching schoolboys play on the frozen millpond, hockey players do not bang the puck with long golf shots. Instead, the typical forward cuddles the little hard-rubber puck against the face of his stick and starts down toward the opponents' goal as if all the demons were after him. His team-mates of the forward line skate alongside and, usually, a foot or two behind, perhaps close together, perhaps fanned all the way across the rink. His opponents converge upon him and upon the others to whom he might pass. Two big defense men skate resolutely forward, ready to sink their shoulders into him for a hard body check. If

he cannot skate around them—usually he cannot—he pushes the puck across toward a teammate. Perhaps an opponent intercepts it, starts in the opposite direction, and within literally five seconds the action has shifted two hundred feet to a spot just in front of the other goal.

Incidentally, just because the goalie stays in front of the nets instead of skating around, don't think he has an easy job. When an opponent is coming down the ice with the puck before his stick, remember that it is traveling as fast as he is. Just as close in as he can get, this human express train puts all his strength into speeding up the puck and sailing it at the net. How would you like to have half a pound of sharp-edged hard rubber rifled toward you at better than a hundred miles an hour? This is the common experience of the hockey goalie; if his defense men are off their game, he may get such shots fired at him sixty or seventy times in sixty minutes of play. To be sure, he is equipped with an un-

usually broad stick, his legs are padded, he wears all manner of protection designed not only to save his hide but also to broaden him out and make him less easily permeable. Very few big-league goalies, despite all the padding, can boast they have never been knocked cold by a flying puck. And every so often an opposing forward, losing his balance just as he lets fly, comes right on into the net, perhaps feet first and therefore preceded by a pair of knife-edged skates. No good hockey player should be called a sissy, but the man who least deserves such an epithet is the goalie who has to stand there and try to get hit.

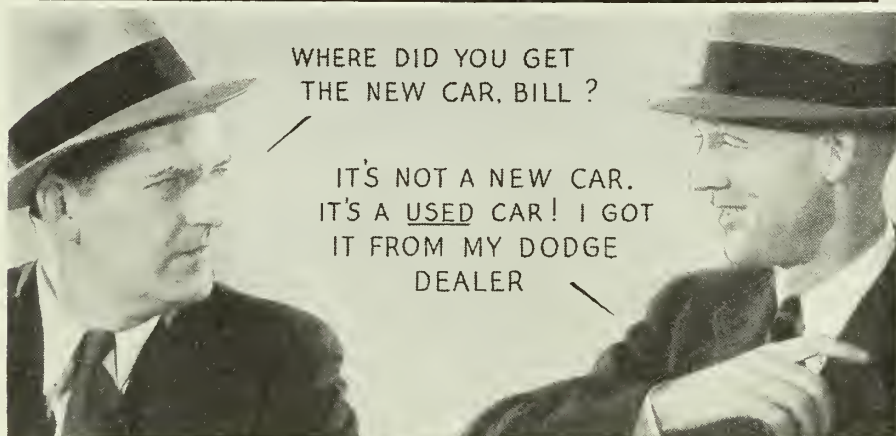
The annals of hockey are filled with stirring memories of men who played an entire game with two or three interruptions while the trainer was restoring them to consciousness. There was one man who played through a game, and starred, with his hand broken in several places. One of the greatest players ever developed, many years ago lost one eye because an opponent's stick poked into it; as soon as he could get around, he went right back to hockey and continued as the best forward in the game for several more years. One Chicago player of a few years back, Helge Bostrom, was touted by the newspapers as holding the world's record for the greatest number of stitches in hockey. Bostrom's body had already harbored something over a hundred stitches when, one evening in the course of business, he got a skate-cut practically through his ankle, had 145 stitches to bring the severed tendons together, and thereby went out ahead of everybody else in the league for the record of surgical sewing. Bostrom was then a veteran; he has since left the big league, but at last reports he was still playing minor league hockey and doing a great job of it for his age.

Hockey is not a kids' game, as one might suppose from watching its tremendous speed. Experience has shown that the average big-league player reaches his peak between 28 and 31 years of age. Comparatively few rise to the top much earlier. Occasionally a young star emerges from nowhere and comes to the top, but he is the exception. Two of our present team, Howie Morenz and Mush March, came to the big league when they were still playing in the junior amateur leagues, which are limited to players younger than 20. Conacher and Jackson, sensationally good forwards of the Toronto Maple Leafs, came up as mere children and today, in their early twenties, are veterans with many years' expectancy of top-notch play ahead of them.

Incidentally, finding good recruits is the greatest problem in big-league hockey. In baseball, a scout can go to a player's home town and watch him six days a week; and baseball prospects, so I am told, are found at not excessive distances from one another. It is different in hockey. (Continued on page 46)

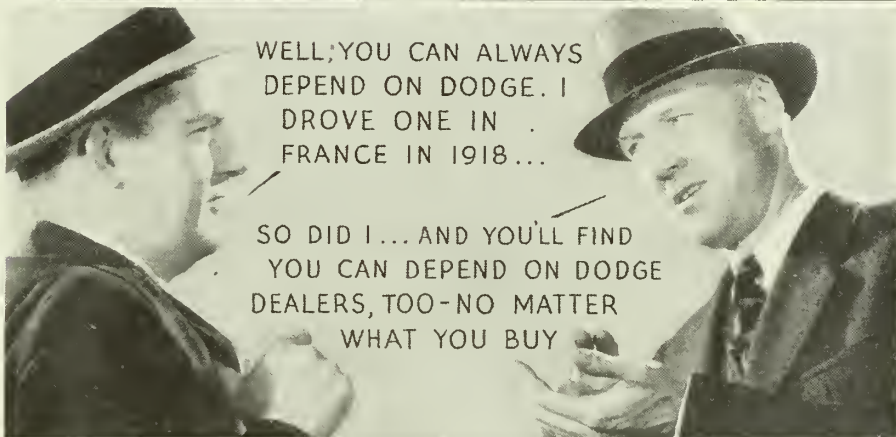
FEBRUARY, 1936

HOW TO BUY A USED CAR



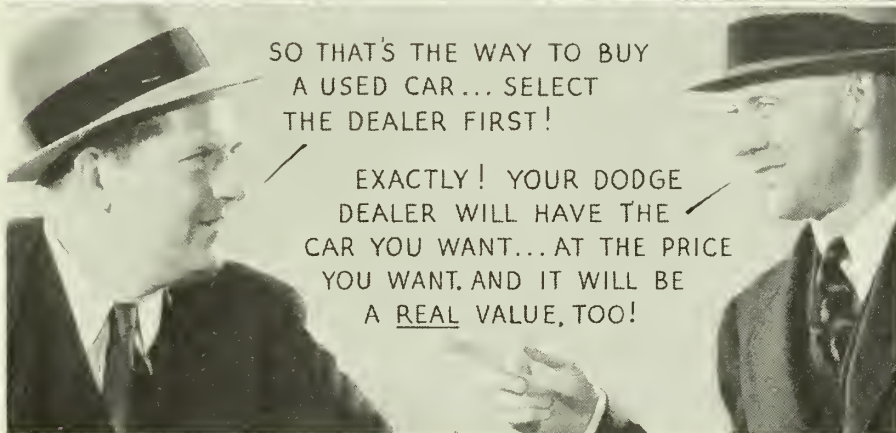
WHERE DID YOU GET
THE NEW CAR, BILL?

IT'S NOT A NEW CAR.
IT'S A USED CAR! I GOT
IT FROM MY DODGE
DEALER



WELL; YOU CAN ALWAYS
DEPEND ON DODGE. I
DROVE ONE IN
FRANCE IN 1918...

SO DID I... AND YOU'LL FIND
YOU CAN DEPEND ON DODGE
DEALERS, TOO—NO MATTER
WHAT YOU BUY



SO THAT'S THE WAY TO BUY
A USED CAR... SELECT
THE DEALER FIRST!

EXACTLY! YOUR DODGE
DEALER WILL HAVE THE
CAR YOU WANT... AT THE PRICE
YOU WANT, AND IT WILL BE
A REAL VALUE, TOO!

AND that's the way thousands are buying their used cars and used trucks today... they're selecting the dealer first!

Here's why—they know the Dodge reputation for dependability and they know that Dodge dealers everywhere have the same reputation for delivering honest, dependable merchandise.

And, because of the amazing popularity of the 1936 Dodge and Plymouth cars, your Dodge dealer now has the best and broadest selection of fine trade-ins he has had in years. See him today. You'll not only find the car or truck you want at the price you want to pay, but you can *depend on it!* Terms to suit your convenience, of course.

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

On Ice—and Hot

(Continued from page 45)

Because amateur hockey players have to develop on natural ice instead of on the expensive indoor ice which professional teams can afford for the comfort of the spectators, most hockey players are developed in Canada or within a few American counties just below the Canadian border. The geographical center of Canadian hockey is somewhere between Toronto and Calgary, which is a broad expanse of territory with very few towns. The average hockey team plays about twice a week, and then seldom plays twice in succession in the same town.

SO, YOU will see, a hockey scout for the Black Hawks must first travel to some town a thousand miles from Chicago, and then will probably have to spend two weeks and travel two thousand more miles to see his prospect play four times. People who should know better wire in glowing reports on some lad in Saskatoon or Fort William, and if we send a man to see him he usually discovers that the boy is terrible. I used to have the same experience traveling through Texas in search of polo ponies for my friends and myself. It was always the trip from Amarillo to Corpus Christi which ended with a horse which could only be used on the front end of a milk wagon, while a short jaunt might turn up an animal fit for the Internationals.

Hockey salaries are liberal, but not extravagant. Time was when the big stars had salaries of \$10,000 or \$12,000 for the playing season of five months. Now the limit in the National Hockey League is \$7,500. About \$4,000 is the low salary for a regular, once he has established himself. Rookies usually come in at about \$3,000. The average salary of all the National Hockey League players is about \$4,800. Since the team is by rule prohibited from dressing more than sixteen men, and usually dresses fifteen, the payroll for the average club is around \$75,000 per season of forty-eight games.

That \$75,000 is just about the limit that a team can pay in player salaries in a good hockey town and still keep out of red ink figures. Incidentally, the reason why teams dress fifteen men is that this is made up of one goalie, two pairs of defense men, three lines of forwards three men to a line, and one forward substitute. Goalies keep on playing—this is their tradition. If a defense man is out of the game, the other defense men carry on without him. But if a forward is injured, he simply must have a substitute, since it is beyond human strength to stand much more than twenty minutes of modern hockey on a forward line.

Last year was a lucky year for the

Black Hawks as respects injuries, for our major disabilities consisted of three collarbones broken during five months of play. As this is written, just before our first game in the 1935-1936 season two of our best players are on the injured list, one with a bad back and one in hospital with a cast on his knee. This was merely exasperating when I was a carefree young poloist, but if much of it takes place on a hockey team it has the serious consequence of eating up what little profit is left from the admission money paid at the box office by the customers.

A related source of loss to a hockey team comes from injuries. As has already been intimated, there are plenty of these, for hockey as a sport makes college or professional football look as gentle as tiddledewinks. The action is so tremendously fast that when a northbound forward, weighing 165 pounds and traveling at 50, is crashed by a southbound defense man, weighing 210 pounds and traveling at 30, the impact is like that of a Yellow cab ramming into a beer truck.

AROUND the edge of the rink is a solid board fence, known as the sideboards, which players use for caroming the puck around oncoming opponents bent on mischief. But when a player loses his balance as he approaches the side board, or is checked entirely legitimately by an opponent and spins into the boards, it becomes a test of which is more brittle, human bones or pine planking, with the bones usually proving their superior brittleness.

Add to the foregoing factors the substantial hardwood sticks carried by the players, which they keep out of one another's way with unbelievable skill but which nevertheless occasionally collide with someone. Add once more, this time the skate blades which have the power to cut terribly. The wonder is that, in all the history of professional hockey, no player has ever been killed or died of injuries. The mortality among spectators is considerably higher, for the excitement is so great that people with faulty hearts have on a good many occasions died in their seats.

Hockey players, like most professional athletes in team sports, are fully protected by their contracts for injuries contracted in line of duty. They draw their pay while off the ice from injuries. Yet, because of that never-say-die spirit of hockey players which is more like college spirit than is anything else in professional sport, a player with a bad bruise spends his next three days trying to devise some sort of guard which will permit him to play in spite of the injury. There may, at some time or other, have been malingerers

in hockey. In my years of experience, I have yet to see a hockey player who would not try to go in and play despite physical condition which compelled the team doctor to order him kept off the ice.

Another tribulation of the team owner is the temperamental player. In general, hockey players respond to just about the same stimulus in the same manner as do other human beings. But they are subject to one influence which does not affect for instance, our coffee salesmen.

If one of our salesmen is doing something he should not, if his attitude toward the firm or toward his fellows is somehow wrong, he can be told about it and he believes it from a superior officer whom he respects. A big-league hockey player, on the other hand, is used to hearing thousands cheer themselves hoarse at his exploits. He is flattered by every casual acquaintance excited at knowing a celebrity. So, when his coach or his manager or even the poor innocent who owns the team, speaks to him about some fault he has developed unwittingly, unless the player is an unusually level-headed man he may not take it too well.

There was one player a few years ago who sulked all one season. The following season his contract carried a much smaller salary, which was our estimate of what he was worth. He balked. Everybody else who tried to straighten him around gave it up as a bad job, so finally they sent him to me. The reasoning which straightened him out and put him out on the ice with the right attitude was exactly the same as that which has proved effective with employees in ordinary business.

He had to agree that, no matter what anyone else did that he considered unfair, he still must live with himself, and that unless he could conduct himself in a way that would earn his own respect, he must find himself an extremely unpleasant and unsatisfactory companion. The result was he played so fine a game all through the season that his contract the following year was more than satisfactory to him. A big star on the ice is just the same sort of fellow as most of us.

THIS article started with my admission that I cannot give a rational and convincing answer when anyone asks me why I want to own a hockey team. The responsibilities are considerable, not alone to myself but also to the sizeable organization dependent upon its successful operation, and likewise to the fans who loyally turn out and support the team at every game of the schedule. The nervous strain is out of all proportion to the size of the business operation; my more conventional business, which is on a much larger and more profitable scale, does not make one-tenth the drain upon

my reservoir of energy. But along with the drawbacks there is a sense of stimulating excitement.

You remember how it was when we moved out of the trenches after the Armistice, and eventually back into civil life. It was a big relief not to have people constantly trying to kill us. It was pleasant to get back home into civilian clothes and civilian occupations, to lead sedate civilian lives untroubled by mud and slum and staff officers. But, for a good many solid months most of us felt that something pretty interesting and exciting had gone out of our lives.

That is about how I'd feel if I ever should get rid of the Black Hawks.

New York or Bust

(Continued from page 11)

excitement and the knowledge of danger safely passed had to compensate for the drudgery and hard manual toil attending all progress. Our first set of tires was badly worn as the Sierras were negotiated, at Alturas in northeastern California, only 700 miles from our starting point. Arm muscles already were hardened from manipulation of the hand-pump, for of course "free air" meant then only that which one breathed. Automobile tires were not available outside of large cities for the excellent reason that there were no car-owners for customers. We had to wire to San Francisco for new ones and after waiting fruitlessly for two days for the set to arrive we resumed our journey with the old ones. Beset by frequent punctures, we made little advance until the new rubber finally caught up with us. Loss of time awaiting supplies was a continuous aggravation. Of the 63 days elapsed time in our tour to the Atlantic, 19 were spent in idleness through such causes.

We did not lack for entertainment, however, when forced to endure such layovers. The West as it is still pictured in cowboy movies, only more genuinely atmospheric, characterized life in most Western towns.

But we were not molested as dudes from the East. Rather the snorting vehicle and its drivers inspired awe as news preceded us. An account of one visit taken from a yellowed clipping of the Lakeview (Oregon) Herald included:

"The first automobile to visit Lake County arrived in Lakeview Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock having spent six hours on the road from Alturas to this place, a distance of 60 miles. The wonderful machine would have made much better time had it not been for the accidental breaking of one of the main springs over the front axle a few miles this side of Alturas in consequence of which the machine had to be moved more slowly and with greater precaution than usual.

"An automobile is a novelty to most people of (Continued on page 48)

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!



No Bite!



No Bite!



Still no Bite!

What makes a pipe chummy? Half & Half . . . and how! Cool as the news: "We've got a flat tire!" Sweet as the sign: "Garage just ahead." Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copr. 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF ^{AND} HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

New York or Bust

(Continued from page 47)

Lakeview, few of whom had ever seen one before . . . This was enough to put every man, woman and child in Lakeview on the keen edge of expectancy. The town had the gala appearance of a holiday as the streets were thronged with crowds of eager people, all craning their necks for the first sight of the first automobile ever seen in this part of the State. After a long and patient wait they were finally rewarded and the sight of an automobile in Lakeview was a reality."

ANOTHER clipping, from the *Indanha* *Chieftain* of Soda Springs, Idaho, is perhaps more picturesque:

"The first automobile to invade Soda Springs rounded the corner at Whitman's store just at sundown Tuesday night, and with a toot that sounded like a young fog-horn whizzed up Dillon Street and stopped at the *Indanha* Hotel. When the cowboys, sheep-herders and Indians recovered from their surprise they caught their breath and let out a whoop that was taken up and passed along the entire length of the block. The interest in roulette and twenty-one was temporarily suspended until the strange machine had been thoroughly examined and the curiosity of the crowd appeased."

For some reason Indians were particularly interested in the automobile. Wherever possible we took citizens for short rides. "How much do they cost?" was the most frequent question. In more remote places, where natives had never even seen a train, they mistook our machine for a railroad coach which somehow had got off the rails.

Blacksmiths who never sensed that our strange vehicle was a symbol of doom to their profession were pressed into service for make-shift repairs. Such fundamentals of touring as gasoline and lubricating oil were sometimes hard to find. The average price paid for gasoline was 35 cents a gallon but at one place we paid much more, as will be set forth later. Although most merchants were fair and hospitable in the matter of other supplies, often we were charged outrageously—yet there was nothing to do but pay the prices demanded. Only once on the entire trip did we run out of gasoline far from civilization—enroute to Silver Springs, Oregon. Crocker had to walk 29 miles to a settlement, and after an all-night forage returned in the morning with two gallons of gasoline and three of benzine.

Except for being badly mired once, the balance of our trip through Oregon was colorful but uneventful.

Gaining Idaho, we made the only back-track of our journey. Due to misdirections we traveled some 38 miles before learning we were headed in the wrong

direction and were forced to turn back to our starting point.

Through sun and rain we pressed on, though generally driving only in daylight. An eight-hour downpour caught us after we had crossed Snake River on the third week of our trek. Slipping and skidding in the mud, we were obliged to get out our block-tackle to pull free of one watery bog hole. Bedraggled and cold we arrived at Caldwell at midnight.

Under such conditions a hotel was welcomed but in general you may imagine the quality of most hotels in the wilderness. Consequently it was no hardship to sleep in the open when weather was fair. One could find peace and quiet in a mountain fastness or under desert stars which could be appreciated after a night in the midst of wild whoops and gunfire in a wide-open Western town, particularly with the necessity of rising at dawn to endure the jolts of rough roads, when not engaged with air-pump or block-and-tackle, until darkness.

It was at Caldwell we signed up Bud for the duration. The ready adaptability of animals was demonstrated as, at first unaccustomed to the bumps of unimproved roads and rough trails, the intelligent pup soon learned to watch the road for obstructions with the same intentness as his companions. Intuitively learning to brace himself for shocks, Bud soon became an enthusiast for motoring. Alkali dust gave him some bother by getting in his eyes over the desert, but a pair of goggles soon provided the same protection enjoyed by his masters.

We made good progress across Idaho. If roads were rough and rocky they at least were free of sand. Ruts gave us trouble in places yet we navigated through trackless forests with great success, managing to maneuver true on our course by instinct among mighty trees.

Generally we found trails to follow where roads were lacking but on occasion over limitless mesa we engaged a cowboy as pilot. On his galloping excited steed he would precede the machine or ride alongside, leading the way to where some pass lay hidden in a barren mountain range on the far horizon.

We lost our "cyclometer" somewhere in Idaho. That instrument was the predecessor of the modern combined speedometer and mileage meter, and as we were unable to buy a new one until we reached Chicago, it was a real loss, for its lack forced us to estimate our total mileage on the trip.

It was in the Idaho wilderness that we drove for more than a full day without sighting a human being. Fortunately we had a sufficient water supply, but for 36 hours we were without food. Both Crocker and I were stealing speculative

glances at Bud as we tightened belts when thankfully we came upon a lonely sheep-herder. He was as glad to see us for companionship as we were to see him, and he proved a perfect host. The meal of roast lamb and boiled corn he served us still lingers in my memory. He at first declined all offers of payment. With genuine reluctance he finally accepted the rifle I forced on him in appreciation.

So remote from civilization were we that our machine badly frightened a pioneer party of home-seekers we encountered. That incident was to be surpassed later when a terrified farmer in Nebraska gave one startled glance at the noisy apparition chugging along the highway and cut loose his horses to gallop, to freedom, while he and his wife took refuge under his wagon.

Our last misadventure before crossing the Bitter Root range was the stalling of the car in the midst of a stream with mud up to the chassis. After four hours of fruitless labor we finally secured a team of horses to extricate the machine.

The country took on new character thereafter, soaring heights of denuded slopes, monstrous cliffs and buttes, grim shadowy gorges and giant boulders scattered in magnificent confusion. But on the whole we made good time to Pocatello and into Wyoming. Mechanical trouble again overtook us at Montpelier. We lost the ball-bearings of a front wheel. The ingenious Crocker borrowed bearings from a mowing machine which would not be used for several weeks and we induced the superintendent of the car-repair shop to build a cone for them. Reaching Moyer we were again in trouble because the cone, having been fashioned from iron instead of turned from steel, had gone to pieces. At a place called Diamondville a machinist at one of the coal mines made a new cone from a piece of tool-steel after Crocker had tempered the metal.

THEN on we jolted through the Badlands toward Green River. Around Rock Springs we found rather good going over the alkali flats. Then near Bitter Creek we encountered furrowed seams like the solidified waves of an angry sea. Normally bad, the strange formation was made worse for travel by a cloudburst which all but drowned out our expedition.

At one point we were stuck in the mud when a party of Italian immigrants, each laden with back-packs containing all their belongings, caught up with us bound for a place twelve miles along our route. Quickly we worked a trade by sign language, we to carry their packs in the car in return for their aid in pulling us out of mudholes. The arrangement gave mutual satisfaction.

Far worse than the mountain trails

proved the "road" leading east from Bitter Creek. Deep sand-holes alternated with buffalo wallows of treacherous mud. Time and again the block-tackle was resorted to and with growing ingeniousness. Sinking a "dead-man" or anchor in the solid earth, the rope was attached to the rear axle, which, once the engine was started, functioned as a windlass to pull the car free. On a single day of such bad going, seventeen times it was necessary to employ that stratagem to make progress—and the distance traveled from dawn to dark was exactly sixteen miles.

With only Elk Mountain and the Laramie range barring our way to the downsweep of the Continental Divide the major delay of the trip was occasioned by more mechanical trouble at Rawlins. As we were hoping for an early start, the car was being driven from the livery stable to our hotel when a stud bolt on a connecting rod broke, piercing the crankcase. Emergency repairs were impossible for such a catastrophe and five days were lost in idleness while we awaited the arrival of new parts from the factory in Cleveland.

Repairs once made, we were off for Medicine Bow, which is remembered for our only hold-up, a highwayman posing as a storekeeper who charged \$5.25 for a five-gallon tin of gas. Years later I learned that he was a native of my own home town.

Through Rattlesnake Canyon and on over the slopes of towering Elk Mountain we fought our way against the major climbing difficulties of the trip. Not only was it necessary to use block and tackle to move forward on the steep slopes, but frequently we had to jack up the car to get over boulder obstructions and out of deep ruts. Often we were obliged to roll great boulders from our path on narrow trails, sometimes we had to forage for chopped straw which served as a temporary roadbed by soaking up moisture at the same time that it provided a half-solid surface to supply traction for the wheels.

Elk Mountain was conquered at last, but difficulties remained. I find in a clipping from Laramie, Wyoming, that I told a reporter there that of all the roads and trails traveled from the Pacific east, the highway between Rawlins and Laramie was by far the worst. We had been stuck several times and I was particularly indignant that three miles of the public highway near Big Medicine was being used as an irrigation ditch. Perhaps I was unusually tired when I gave that interview, but looking back 33 years it still seems to be the truth.

At any rate we hurdled the final barrier of the Rocky Mountains next day through the steep walls and narrow roadway of Laramie Pass, and reaching Cheyenne, spent a day grooming our machine for the long truck across the prairies to the Mississippi.

Following the old military and stage route from (Continued on page 50)



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New York or Bust

(Continued from page 49)

Cheyenne to Julesburg and North Platte, Nebraska, good time was made with the chief relief from the monotony of limitless prairie an accompaniment of fierce thunder storms which at times transformed the roadway into a waterway thick in mud, ambushed with invisible ruts.

In contrast to the hospitality of the sheep-herder who saved us from hunger, I recall an attempt to buy food at a farmhouse along our way. Perhaps I did look trampish when I knocked at the housewife's door, but no sooner did I mention food than the door was slammed in my face with the admonition, "We don't give no hand-outs here."

On the final stretch into Omaha another mechanical accident befell us, a broken front axle. Crocker again saved the day by obtaining a short length of iron pipe from a farmer into which he fitted the broken ends of the axle.

It was on July 6th that we arrived in Omaha. Again overhauling the machine, we headed on to Chicago. Aided by comparatively good roads, we covered the distance in something like two days. In Chicago there were temptations to ease up on our schedule. Newspaper reports of our progress were gaining front pages of the nation's press as our goal appeared in sight. Constantly attended by Chicago reporters, we were also honored with receptions by city officials, automobile dealers and hero worshippers generally. But the one thought in our minds was to finish.

Pressing on, as we approached Cleveland we were met at Elyria by two touring cars from the Winton works, magnificent machines with the once-familiar doors opening in the back of the tonneau.

At Cleveland reporters again besieged us. A public reception was given, then again we were off.

We had had enough of mountains, so disdaining the more direct route across the Alleghanies, we elected the water-level route by way of Buffalo and Rochester.

East of Buffalo occurred the only real accident of our trip. Traveling in high—at least twenty miles an hour—the machine struck a hidden obstruction in the road. Crocker, Bud and myself were thrown high in the air. Both mud-guards were torn off and the machine otherwise damaged but fortunately none of us was hurt.

On July 26th we arrived in New York City, our car fluttering with American flags and somewhat the worse for wear, after a record run from Little Falls, New York, to the metropolis—a distance of 230 miles in 24 hours. We were not helped at all by a motor cavalcade which started from New York to greet us after we had passed Poughkeepsie.

Because we lost our cyclometer it was impossible to measure our exact mileage, but it could not have been less than 6000 miles. Allowing for 44 days of travel we had averaged roughly 125 miles a day.

We were ingrained with dust and naturally tired. The faithful car, mud-caked, still limping on a bent front axle and with one mud-guard broken, led a triumphal procession down Manhattan Island. The successful completion of the first transcontinental crossing by automobile occasioned long stories in the press, editorials, and cable stories to Europe.

I think a clipping from the New York *Sun* of July 27th dates the place the auto-

mobile then held in the public mind. It began:

"A mud-becoated automobile found a haven of rest in an uptown storage station last night after the longest motor vehicle journey on record."

A "storage station," mark you! The word garage was yet to come.

Yes, I collected my fifty-dollar bet, but it inspired envy.

The sportsmanship involved was at once discounted by a rival automobile manufacturer who shortly thereafter sponsored another transcontinental run, which, carrying newspapermen and after careful advance preparations, lowered my record by a few days. Referring to the unfairness of comparing the two trips, a trade publication, *Automobile Topics*, decrying the commercial flavor of the second trip, had the following to say:

"That there was no such damning feature of the Jackson trip is beyond controversy. As Dr. Jackson dolefully observed, when relating his experience of communications with either the Winton or Goodrich firms, 'Every order I sent to them for the first 2,000 miles of the trip was shipped C. O. D., and express charges alone amounted to something in those places.' There is a touch of realism in that statement which no press agent could compete against."

I have another clipping in my scrap-book which I prize. It is dated October 3, 1903, and says:

"Dr. H. N. Jackson, first man to cross the continent in an automobile, was arrested at Burlington, Vermont, and fined for driving the machine more than six miles an hour."

Yes, we sure traveled some in those days.

Why They Go Over the Hill

(Continued from page 23)

permission. The way of his leaving led to a checkup and to discovery of the second enlistment and its informal termination. On his return to the institution he was not placed on trial, owing to apparent irresponsible mentality, but was dismissed—and one more bed was made available for some deserving veteran.

The desertion index in the period 1925-1935 tobogganed in the enlisted personnel of both the Navy and the Marine Corps as well as of the Army. The Marine percentage was always lower than the Army's. Apparently the Marine was not misled by the 1934 business flurry but sat tighter than ever. And in the next year his desertion mercury went down to below one percent. Take a bow, you leathernecks.

Navy percentages are not given here

because not comparable, as the Navy computes them from net desertions, not from gross or "reported" desertions as do the Army and Marine Corps. Before figuring the percentage, the Navy deducts all cases of men rated as deserters who have been returned to naval duty either through acquittals or through convictions on a lesser charge.

Among the component arms in the Army, Cavalry for years has had the highest percentage of desertions. An old cavalryman, high in the councils of the War Department, suggested the reason. It grows out of "having never been associated" with horses.

"The newer type of recruits are from the city," he said. "They are strangers to horses, afraid of them, seldom get used to

them or learn to like them. They don't like to work around them. It is not surprising that Field Artillery comes close behind Cavalry with a high desertion percentage. It, too, is a mounted arm. The Infantry also uses a good many horses, and there it is just below Field Artillery in the desertion showing. As motorizing of these arms proceeds, you will see year by year decreases in desertions among them."

"Fear of a horse and inability to ride" is listed among specific causes of desertion in a War Department report for a certain area back in 1896. It lists these other causes: "General dissatisfaction, to avoid trial, dislike of discipline, debts, intoxicants, general worthlessness, entanglements with women, domestic trouble, to avoid the jibes of comrades,

had considerable money, restless disposition, fear of recognition as former deserter, homesickness, persuaded by others, was not in his right mind, illness, went to Texas to join a baseball team, to join English forces in South Africa." Most of these apply equally well today. A current listing stresses "mental deficiency and weakness of character" as a major cause.

Mental deficiency may be far from a deserter's failing. Now and then one exhibits a high degree of mental alertness and shrewdness. The Adjutant General's office tells of the prize "repeater" in its history. This man deserted seventeen times, enlisting, deserting, re-enlisting, with the A. G. O. hot on his trail from east coast to west and catching him only when he had nowhere else to go.

With each new enlistment he gave a different name. After a short stay, he'd light out, spacing his departure so as to leave before arrival of a telegram from Washington to hold him as a deserter. He knew his fingerprint record, taken at each enlistment, would be forwarded to Washington and be checked against his fingerprints on file there since his first enlistment; and he had worked out a schedule of just how long it would take for his papers to go through the routine higher-up.

Desertions among the armies of the world have exceeded all their casualties. No other single feature of military life has caused so much trouble. In our war with Mexico desertions totaled 6,375, which was 14.28 percent of the army of occupation. In the Civil War, desertions in the Union army were all the way from one out of every seven enlisted, according to conservative authorities, to higher than one out of four if the non-reporting drafted men (deemed deserters by the law) were included. Lincoln frequently intervened when death sentences were imposed upon youngsters or where there were other mitigating circumstances, and numerous letters by him ordering that mercy be shown still survive as testimony of his gentleness.

The lowest rates in the Army in the last one hundred years, with a single exception, were in 1898, 1911 and 1920—with percentages of 1.57, 2.28 and 1.37 respectively.

And the exception? World War veterans of the Army may take a bow here, for that exception was the rate for the two World War years, June 30, 1917, to June 30, 1919. Of a total of 4,057,101 enlisted men in the American Army for the two-year period, the record shows there were only 21,282 deserters. That is about a quarter of one percent for each year! Most of the desertions are said to have been in this country.

The total of deserters does not include persons who failed to report to draft boards when called but does include all men who actually got to camp and donned uniform. Yes, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is one of the 21,282. It is believed that a considerable number of those de-

serters are still in France and other foreign countries, such as Canada, afraid to come home because the penalty for war-time desertion still hangs over them. To such desertion the statute of limitations does not apply.

One of that 21,282 group not so long ago admitted his status to an American Legion service officer, asking whether something might not be done to clear his record. It wasn't a case of conscience, only; the man wanted to apply for adjusted compensation. He said he had been in a camp on this side during the war and had lit out for home soon after the Armistice without waiting for discharge.

Though dubious, the service officer was moved by the service-officer complex of trying to be of help to all World War veterans. Maybe this man wasn't wholly undeserving. Questioning brought out that on his return from camp the man had got his old job back with a coal firm, had held it ever since, supported his family, paid his bills, never been in jail and lived continuously under his own name.

The service officer obtained affidavits from the employer, several landlords and others, all testifying to the man's uprightness. Then the two went out to the neighboring army post, where the deserter gave himself up. On the strength of the affidavits, the post adjutant put him under probation to the service officer instead of ordering him to the guard-house. Then all papers were sent to corps-area headquarters.

Headquarters didn't direct a court-martial which was followed by hanging. It authorized issuance of a blue discharge stating "by reason of desertion." The man took a chance and sent in an application for an adjusted compensation certificate. The A. G. O. stepped on it.

Desertion is always bad medicine in one's own army but quite all right to encourage in the enemy forces. Perhaps not a few German army veterans have among their souvenirs today some of those handbills printed in German and distributed by airplane over their lines telling what good food was served the American soldier and inviting them to come over and get some.

It is said that many deserters reported themselves at America's entrance into the war and asked for re-enlistment. In most cases they were accepted, with mitigation of punishment, in view of the spirit shown.

Mention has been made of improved living conditions within the Army as having had much to do with keeping down desertions. Among those conditions are better housing, better food, better clothing, more provision for games and sports.

A better-housing program, begun in the permanent posts in 1927 has gone on ever since. It has meant new barracks and other buildings, better living quarters with respect (Continued on page 52)



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Why They Go Over the Hill

(Continued from page 51)

to light, heat, sanitation—the bedbug has disappeared—billiard rooms, motion-picture halls and libraries. Improvement in quarters led to a reduction in fatigue duty and an increase in the time devoted to the real work of the soldier.

The soldier likes his chow. A greater range in his menu came with a new garrison ration authorized in 1927. Five years later a further improvement in the ration delighted his heart, extending the items allowed him to cereal, canned fruits and vegetables, fresh milk, chicken and fresh pork. That last is not a slip; fresh pork is being served. If you aspire to eat spareribs or pork chops these days, join the Army. And the cooking? In each of the twelve Corps Areas a school for bakers and cooks is maintained.

But still other things perk up the enlisted man and make him like the Army. He wears tailor-made clothes! He does, that is, when off duty.

Greater care in selecting recruits bears on the desertion low. In the last few

years inability to find jobs has led so many young men to apply for enlistment that recruiting officers have had the pick of excellent material. High school training is said to be the rule at virtually all stations, with four or five applicants being rejected for every one chosen.

Cuts in the soldier's pay—now, after some restoration, it is \$21 a month—and the higher base pay of \$30 a month in the Civilian Conservation Corps caused some discontent in the Army and contributed to the desertion increase of 1934. Detailing to the C. C. C., at the outset, of many of the more experienced company commanders resulted in some lowering of morale in their army commands. Still the enlisted men must have decided that, on the whole, the Army was a pretty good place after all, for after the first year the C. C. C. influence is not apparent.

In army circles still further decrease in the desertion percentage is expected for the fiscal year to end June 30, 1936. The

Army will have enlisted 46,250 new privates above its former quota, in addition to replacements of the outgoing third-year group, to make up the augmented strength of 165,000 authorized by Congress. Because of unusual care in making the new selections, based on brains and character, army heads believe the deserter type will be almost wholly absent from the recruits.

This question presents itself. If normal business conditions return within the three years of their enlistment, if an actual boom comes along with employment inviting and wages high, what of these first enlistments who, because of schooling and quality, may be able to get good jobs outside the Army? The War Department admits that in normal times a desertion rate of less than five percent is scarcely to be expected. Will many of the new recruits desert, or buy out—or will they stick?

The War Department thinks they will stick.

Long Live All of Us

(Continued from page 1)

which was always a strong starter, fell over the hurdle of antitoxin and is too seriously crippled to run. Vaccination made an old nag out of smallpox years ago, and now that former bug-a-boo is too weak even to be put out to pasture; she should be put out of her misery.

The starting line is at age zero, and premature birth jumps the gun and is disqualified. But now they're off! Pneumonia, birth injuries and malformations take an early lead, but the latter two soon fall by the wayside; accidents, measles and tuberculosis are up in front too, and with pneumonia are leading the field at the first turn—age 15. But now tuberculosis is getting out ahead of the field, and although "she ain't what she used to be," she still runs a good race, leading by a wide margin all the way down the back stretch—ages 15 to 40; accidents is running second—a much better horse than she ever was before, while the rest of the field is pretty well bunched.

There is a group of horses, all wearing the colors of the "Cardiovascular-renal" stables that got off to a poor start but are steadily pulling up on the leaders in the back stretch. But what's this? One of this group, heart disease, is lengthening out her stride and threatening accidents for second place. Yes! She's caught up and is passing accidents! Tuberculosis is weakening noticeably as

she approaches the turn at age 40, and it looks as if heart disease might catch her! Heart disease is looking awfully strong—she passes tuberculosis just before the turn, and what a pace she's setting!

Cancer, who was running third or fourth just before the turn, is stepping out now, passing tuberculosis, and going into second place; as tuberculosis slows down, she is passed successively by Bright's disease and apoplexy, stable mates of heart disease. As they come in the home stretch, the Four Horsemen—heart disease, cancer, Bright's disease and apoplexy—are well out ahead of the rest of the field, with heart disease continuing to increase her lead. She crosses the line an easy winner, with cancer, Bright's disease and apoplexy pretty well bunched for second, third and fourth places. Pneumonia is fifth.

Consulting your program, you will get an idea of the past performances of some of the contestants in today's race. Compare the following tables—the first, showing the improvement in death rates of diseases common to the younger ages (before 40):

Deaths per 100,-
000 population
per year
1900 1930

Congenital debility.....	22	5
Infantile diarrhea.....	91	18
Diphtheria.....	33	8

Meningitis.....	33	6
Typhoid Fever.....	27	2
Tuberculosis.....	185	77

with this one showing the increase in death rates of diseases common to older ages (after 40):

Deaths per 100,-
000 population
per year

	1900	1930
Heart disease.....	128	220
Cancer.....	68	114
Apoplexy.....	76	88
Bright's disease.....	94	97
Angina pectoris.....	6	19
Diabetes.....	11	23

After watching this race, we cannot help but be interested in the Cardiovascular-renal diseases. They, with cancer, show a rapidly rising mortality and together are responsible for one and one-half times as many deaths as all the other specific causes put together. What are they? "Cardiovascular-renal" means "Heart—blood vessels—kidneys," and refers to the degeneration of one or more of these structures. What causes them? Heart and blood-vessel disease coming on for the first time around the age of 40 or after, is usually due to "hardening of the arteries" or old and inadequately treated syphilis. The heart may be affected directly or through the degener-

active changes in the blood vessels; such changes in the vessels may also be responsible for a "stroke" of apoplexy, the bursting of an artery in the brain. "Hardening of the arteries" in the kidneys may be responsible for Bright's disease or nephritis, which in turn, results in high blood-pressure. It can easily be seen that these three causes of death—heart disease, apoplexy and Bright's disease, are often expressions of the same disease process and of first importance after 40. The importance of cancer was well brought out by Ray S. Carney in the February, 1935, issue of this magazine.

The horse-race analogy indicates the relative importance of specific causes of death between certain broad age levels; we are interested in the age 40 group in general and the "chances" of individuals in this group in particular. A study of the 1930 (the most recent) census, compared to that of 1920 will give us something to go on.

In the first place, a man of 40 in 1930 could expect 28.65 more years of life, while in 1920 a 40-year-old man could justifiably anticipate 28.85 more years. A man of 50 could expect 20.95 more years in 1930 as compared to 21.37 years in 1920. It is obvious that the outlook is getting slightly worse, rather than better, for men past middle age.

Let us examine an individual's chances of eventually dying of certain specified diseases; the figures are based on the United States Census of 1920 and 1930, and are expressed in chances per 1000:

	AGE			
	30	40	50	60
Diseases of the heart:	1920—179	189	190	212
	1930—232	240	252	265
Chronic Bright's disease:	1920—109	115	120	125
	1930—105	108	113	120
Cancer (all forms):	1920—86	91	93	90
	1930—103	107	109	107
Cerebral hemorrhage: (stroke of apoplexy)	1920—106	113	121	128
	1930—97	101	108	116
Pneumonia (all forms):	1920—77	40	41	42
	1930—57	47	47	47
Accidents:	1920—53	47	41	35
	1930—67	60	52	45
Tuberculosis:	1920—59	48	36	25
	1930—39	33	25	18
Angina pectoris:	1920—14	15	15	15
	1930—26	27	28	26
Diabetes:	1920—15	15	15	14
	1930—17	17	18	17

The means for stemming this rising tide and thereby "prolonging life after 40," fall into three categories: Prevention, early identification of disease and proper care of the disease identified. The first two items are better handled together.

The periodic health examination has

preventive as well as diagnostic value. It is obvious that early symptoms and signs of disease processes are most likely to be discovered if actually looked for, but beyond this, the regular yearly contact with a physician familiar with your progress from year to year, will be helpful in suggesting and reminding you of the best mode of life for you to follow.

Abscessed teeth, infected sinuses, tonsils, appendix, gall-bladder or prostate are not so terribly serious in themselves, but their presence over a long period of time is quite likely to have deleterious effects upon heart, blood vessels or kidneys; if these sources of trouble are properly treated, serious and fatal diseases of the vital organs can be prevented. A Wassermann test, or the equivalent, should be included in the examination from time to time, because a large percentage of those infected with syphilis never knew they were infected, or thought they were cured. Syphilis acquired many years previously, is one of the greatest causes of serious heart disease between the ages of 35 and 55.

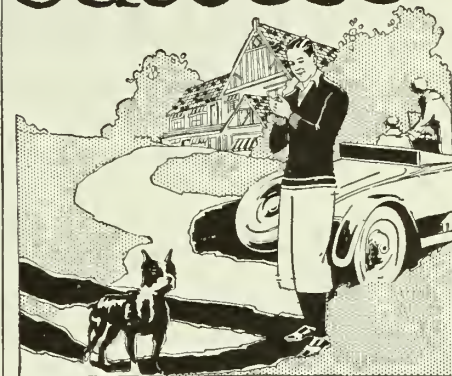
Locomotor ataxia, general paralysis of the insane, and certain types of apoplexy, are also prevented by the adequate treatment of syphilis. Examination of the urine and determination of the blood pressure sometimes give clues to beginning kidney and blood-vessel disease which can be nipped in the bud if recognized before actual symptoms force themselves upon our attention. The final and most widely applicable principle of life prolongation is covered by the much repeated phrase: "Moderation in all things"—food, drink, work and play.

Although we hear of and know of the occasional heavy drinker living to the age of 80, 90, or 100, he is the exception rather than the rule; he made it in spite of drinking, not because of it; the moderate or light drinker is comparatively safe. Overwork and strenuous exercise are not for the old man, and the tapering off should begin during middle age and gradually progress to less strenuous activities as age advances.

Finally, if symptoms or periodic physical examinations indicate the presence of one of the degenerative diseases, a very definite line of action is called for. Cancer and diabetes are the only ones which are susceptible to an active attack—the former by prompt surgery or radiation (radium or X-ray) or both, and the latter by insulin and diet. Against the cardiovascular-renal group, there is no aggressive or specific line of action unless syphilis be the underlying cause—in which case specific treatment is indicated; otherwise, the patient holds his fate in his own hands. If he's careful he can live long—and be happy.

Dr. Arthur F. Hall, Jr., is Associate Director of the Life Conservation Division of the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Success—



while you are young enough to enjoy it

"I'M meeting Armstrong this afternoon at Ingleside—last chance for a little golf before we sail for Europe on the fifteenth . . ."

Pretty soft for Bob Carrington, you say—a lovely country home, golf on a week-day when the other boys are slaving at the office—a six weeks' trip to Europe with the family—and all this wonderful success while he is still young enough to enjoy it!

But why look with envy upon success well earned—especially when it is within your power to attain that same success?

"If young men in business only realized how immensely valuable are those early years, and how vital it is to get away to a flying start, they would make it an inflexible rule to devote several evenings every week to home-study business training."

One of America's foremost business men—an active director of a dozen big corporations—made that statement recently; and if you have the slightest doubt of its truth, you need only check it by the actual records of LaSalle-trained men, many of whom, though still in their thirties, are commanding five-figure salaries.

Send for Free Book "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

"I'm determined to succeed," you say—and we do not deny that hard work and learning through day-to-day experience will eventually win you some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes to you while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

And is it not a needless and tragic waste of years to continue at outgrown tasks, simply because you will not spare yourself the time to master those bigger jobs that command the real rewards of business?

Ten Years' Promotion in One is a booklet that shows you how you can save years that would otherwise be wasted. Sending for it has marked the turning point in the lives of thousands upon thousands of men—and the coupon will bring it to you FREE.

With this book we will send you, without cost or obligation, complete particulars of the training that appeals to you, together with details of our easy-payment plan.

Will you wait till the golden years of your life are fast slipping away—or will you set your path toward success while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

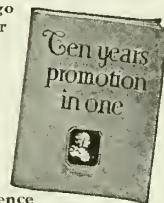
Prove that you mean what you say when you say that you want to get ahead—by what you do with this coupon NOW.

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Dept. 2361-R Chicago

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- ☐ Commercial Law
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- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenography
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence



Name-----

Present Position-----

Address-----

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



CLARK SMITH, of Detroit, was in a hospital not long ago and was amazed when he saw a sign at the entrance of a corridor which said: "Maternity Ward—No Children Allowed."

STAFFORD KING, of Minnesota, tells about a social function he attended at a department convention when he was National Vice-Commander. Into a crowded reception hall there came a woman, tall of stature and bubbling over with enthusiasm. She was shaking hands right and left and proclaiming to all she met: "I am Mrs. Soandso, the newly elected Department Vice-President of the Auxiliary."

Her quiet and demure husband, who had been following her meekly about the crowd, reached a point where he could no longer restrain himself. He reached up and clasped her ear, and pulling it down for a nice stage whisper, said:

... "If you'd wear your blankety blank button you wouldn't have to be telling everybody."

DURING particularly hard times down in a Southern town a Negro preacher exhorted his congregation at Thanksgiving time that if they would pray, and pray hard, for a turkey the Lord would send them one. A few days after Thanksgiving he met one of his congregation and asked:

"Sam, did the Lord send you a turkey?"

"Nossuh, pahson. He didn't send me a turkey, but He directed me to a lot of very fine chickens."

MANDY and Narcissus were returning from Sunday school.

"Mandy, if you-all had yo' pick, which would you rather do—live, or die and go to Heaven?"

"I'd rather live, Narcissus."

"Why, chile!" exclaimed Narcissus. "You-all is scandalous; goin' to Sunday school ain't done you no good a'tall."



IT WAS after the Ohio State-Notre Dame football game last fall. A man walked reluctantly into a hat store.

"I've just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to buy a hat—a soft hat."

"This is the softest we have," said the clerk.

The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want," he said wistfully, "is something a little more tender. You see, I've got to eat it."

COMRADE Neil T. Whipple, of Morris, Minnesota, writes that while touring in Minnesota last summer he saw this inscription on a tombstone:

Today we live—tomorrow we die
As you are now, so once was I;
As I now am, you soon will be
So prepare to die and follow me

Just below this someone had inscribed:

To follow you is not my intent,
Until I find out which way you went.

"WHY don't you get out and hustle?

Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosopher to a man who attempted to panhandle him.

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the man. "I lost four wives that way."

THE sergeant was giving the rookies bayonet drill. They were practising charging a dummy. One awkward fellow stumbled, missing the dummy with his bayonet, but flattening his nose against it.

"That's right," encouraged the disgusted sergeant. "If you can't stick 'im, bite 'im."



MISS Edith Tallart writes about the lady who was helping a new recruit tie up a photograph for mailing. Wishing to spread sunshine, she asked:

"And did you have it taken in your uniform?"

"No, ma'am, I'm too flat busted to have any new ones now."

"Well," she comforted him sweetly, "maybe the army setting-up exercises will develop your chest."

NATIONAL Executive Committee-man Ray Kelly, of Michigan, tells of a sergeant making his way about his platoon one dark night. He heard the roar of a G. I. can overhead and dived into a shell hole. It was already occupied by a private who was hit full in the stomach by the sergeant's head. There was a tense moment of silence, except for some long, deep breathing. Finally the private asked:

"Is that you, sarge?"

"It's me all right."

"Hot dawg! I was just waiting for you to explode."



LEGIONNAIRE Arthur J. Fidler, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, sends one about a salesman who called on a merchant.

A clerk directed the salesman to a vacant lot back of the store. The salesman went out into the yard and found his prospective customer going through the motions of throwing a baseball across an imaginary plate. Only he didn't have any ball.

"He's been that way for a month," the clerk explained. "He does that for hours at a time."

"Has he gone nuts?" the salesman asked.

"I guess so," said the clerk. "Busiress has been so bad it has driven him out of his mind."

"I see," said the salesman. "I've got some other calls to make, but if I don't sell any more goods than I have the past month, I'll come back and be his catcher."

E. L. BATTICK of Lander (Wyoming) Post, writes about parading behind a local band which was an excellent concert organization but not so hot on the hoof. After several blocks of parading, during which the marchers had changed step on an average of once every hundred feet, Post Commander Hank Voorhees exclaimed:

"I've seen a lot of bands, but this is the first one I ever saw that could play route step."

THE post had elected a new chaplain who stumbled through his part of the ritual in rather poor style. After the meeting was over, the commander proceeded to bawl him out in no uncertain terms. At a post meeting two weeks later the comrade was letter-perfect in his part. He read his lines with dignity and impressiveness. Concluding, he turned to the post commander and said:

"Now, dammit, does that suit you?"



THE old sailor was telling a group of children about an exciting part he had played in a shipwreck.

"That's old stuff," said one little boy.

"Things like that don't happen now."

"Why not?" asked the old salt.

"Because," explained the little boy, "all ships have radio today, and as soon as there's trouble, they send them out C.O.D."

How Strong Are the Reds?

(Continued from page 9)

meeting can be held in Russia without official consent. Since there is no freedom of speech, nothing said on the floor of the Congress could have been disagreeable to Stalin.

Delegates were welcomed and entertained by government officials. They looked upon the face of Lenin, the deified founder of Sovietism; that is, they filed past the mortal remains of him in the glass case where they are to be eternally preserved. They looked upon Stalin in the life, heard his golden words. They saw the red army, their army, and gloried in its numbers and modern arms.

William Z. Foster, the other chief American delegate, had even a noisier reception than Browder. Both had been in jail—Foster several times. Browder in Leavenworth because of agitation in form of resistance to the draft. Foster is the founding father, the elder statesman, the Lenin of the communist cause in America; Browder the active leader and boss, the Stalin. Foster, who had been ill for two years and in retirement, was recently welcomed back to the "big fight" by the communists of New York at a dinner in honor of his recovery.

But George Dimitroff got the loudest and most prolonged cheers at the Congress. He is the chief of the mother Communist International, the supreme master of all the masters of agitprop, the boss spinner of webs over the whole world, the closest of all to Stalin.

If there is any further need of public evidence of the direct connection of the American branch with Moscow we have it in a cable sent by the American Central Committee after a meeting of leading party workers from all parts of the country. It unanimously endorsed the decisions of the Seventh Congress and pledged itself to carry them out. It hailed with joy the unprecedented victories of Leninism in the Soviet Union and could report communist gains in Detroit, Toledo, Reading and other cities in the 1935 elections.

The teachings of Lenin are the Bible of the American communists, the guide of all active party workers, who number about thirty thousand. These are the trusted comrades in groups, or cells, under captains and strong discipline, the adepts of the whispered word.

Lenin's voice speaks in all the inner councils of their superiors and in public meetings, large and small, whether in huge Madison Square Garden, New York, or in a hall that will seat only a hundred people. It speaks in the written word in the array of pamphlets, magazines, journals and books in communist bookstores in all our large cities.

It speaks in the *Daily Worker*, the *Freiheit* and the other daily papers and monthlies and weeklies which have a

circulation of about 300,000 and reach at least a million readers. By the assignments of quotas to the different sections of the party throughout the country the *Daily Worker* recently collected a fund of \$60,000 to make it a bigger and better paper.

Whispered, written or spoken word, our system of government and all the institutions based upon it are condemned in contrast with the rosy picture of America after it has been Leninized. Not Washington's or Lincoln's, but Lenin's is the picture that hangs on council walls and is revered; not their birthdays but his, not the Fourth of July but the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia are honored.

Ours is the capitalist system in America—that is, we have individual ownership of property. The reds hold that all employers are bourgeoisie. An owner of a filling station becomes one of the bourgeoisie if he hires a man to help him. Before that he was a capitalist if he owned the filling station or his home. He is a member of the proletariat only if he is a worker for wages. Under sovietism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, he would have to work in a government-owned filling station or, if a farmer, on a government-owned farm. All property is owned in common. Browder, however, stated before a group of students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York that with the establishment of the revolution in America people would be allowed to retain their personal belongings as personal property.

It was by violence that Lenin established the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia after corruption and hideous mismanagement in the World War under the weak Czar led the Russian soldiers to revolt against slaughter by superior arms and skill.

No one knows how many men and women were killed under the Lenin régime before it was established in power. Estimates run as high as five hundred thousand, and into millions counting those who starved to death.

With the Russian example and the spread of communism through Europe in the chaos after the war there was alarm among some of our citizens lest our returning soldiers might turn communist. It was certainly to laugh that anyone would think that they would prefer the red flag to the flag they had served, even if their pay had been only a dollar a day.

Many American conscientious objectors to wearing the uniform were readily won over to the Lenin program based on violence. In the face of the active red hunt the name of the new American Communist Party was changed to the Workers' Party while war-time laws against (Continued on page 56)

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon

Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. Don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

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805 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.		
Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.		
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ADDRESS		
CITY STATE.....		

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197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your booklet,
"Answering an Important Question."

Name

Street and No.

City State.....

A. L. M. 36

How Strong Are the Reds?

(Continued from page 55)

sedition were being enforced. Upon their expiration it became again the Communist Party, Section of the Communist International.

Such it has remained. There was some reflection of the Trotsky-Lenin split in its ranks. But Stalin exiled Trotsky, and Browder can report to Stalin the end of all factional strife and loyal obedience to Moscow dictatorship. Through the changes in adapting tactics to American conditions the principles have not changed.

Before the Fish Congressional Committee William Z. Foster stated that the Communist Party of the United States "advocates the overthrow of the capitalist system and the confiscation of the social necessities of life;" that he was opposed to the republican form of government. The soviet flag was his flag, the flag of revolution in all lands. Asked if he would overthrow our government by revolutionary methods, he replied by reading from the program of the Communist International:

"Like the feudal nobility of the past, the bourgeoisie cannot abandon its historical position to the new class without a desperate and frantic struggle; hence the violence of the bourgeoisie can be only suppressed by the violence of the proletariat."

Outwardly, the later policy of the Communist Party, looking to the United Front, is inclined to avoid mention of violence. Present leadership and the veterans of the cause have become more skilful and adroit. The United Front would work in connection with all radical factions, all elements of discontent, all critics of the American system. It is combined with the old method of boring from within.

Yet through all the propaganda runs the thought of direct action when the occasion is ripe. "If the armed insurrection is to be successful the most favorable moment for the proletariat must be

chosen," said Wilhelm Pieck of the supreme executive council of the Comintern in his report for the Seventh Congress last summer.

Communist flings against The American Legion are frequent since the resolution of the St. Louis Convention against sovietism and fascism. The dictatorship of the proletariat resents being classed with the dictatorship of fascism.

The Legion is a hireling of capitalism. It was the militarist exponent of fascism for America until the St. Louis resolution, according to the communists. The American Federation of Labor is a hireling of capitalism. No capitalist comes in for more communistic abuse than William Green, its veteran president.

That might be said to date back to a report—lately published for distribution—which Green made on communist propaganda in the United States to our Government on November 10, 1933, prior to our recognition of Soviet Russia:

"The communists enter a strike situation not to win, but to disrupt. They employ two methods always; the first is to discredit regular leaders, while the second is to increase the demands to the point of impossibility, and thus keep them at a point where they can never be met. The second device is for placing the blame upon the regular trade union leaders, this being one of their principal revolutionary tactics. . . . Elected leaders of the United Mine Workers had been called 'agents of the bosses' and 'parasites.'"

"There is much evidence that for several years there has existed in the United States a criminal group under communist control."

This was in keeping with Browder's report for the Seventh Congress that the communists must become a mass party and create conditions which would enable the masses to feel at home in the party units. Jack Stachel, assistant national secretary of the Trade Union Unity League, said in his report of the

A. F. of L. convention that although there were only forty or fifty rank and file delegates, "the communists and their supporters at the convention, bearing in mind the decision of the Seventh World Congress, were able to play an important rôle without for a moment forgetting their independent rôle."

Between two parties in any organization the reds always favor the outs. They urge the outs on to actual rebellion. They are for the group and against the craft policy of the A. F. of L.

When Lewis resigned his vice presidency of the A. F. of L., that pleased the reds. Formerly they had abused him. Now they began praising him. He would become their hero if he led the United Mine Workers out of the A. F. of L. This would make trouble, a split. But this was not Lewis's purpose, as he stated. The communists tell me: "He is still against us, but now we are for him"—as they will be as long as it suits their adroit policy.

Meanwhile, they continue their propaganda that Russia is the worker's paradise—Russia, where no observer may travel far unless he is handpicked and then see only what he is wanted to see. Clarence P. Oakes, a trained journalist, columnist in Southwestern papers, who lately returned from Russia, says:

"In the factories such capitalistic tricks of slave-driving as piecework, the speed-up and the stretch-out have been introduced. There is a great discrepancy in the matter of wages. The number of unemployed is tremendous. The average economic status of the Russian worker is lower than that of a man on relief in New York City."

The truth about Russia is hard to get. But any man may travel freely to seek it in the United States.

This is the first of a series of articles by Frederick Palmer on radicalism in the United States. The second will appear in the March number.

Wings Over Miami

(Continued from page 17)

miles away. A kind of ordered confusion prevailed, with little evidence from the air of the sweat and toil and planning that were necessary to bring these men and their traveling machine-shops and other equipment to the southern tip of Florida, and set up camps for themselves and the flyers who were converging upon them from north and west.

Along the roads the trucks crawled loaded with foodstuffs. At each intersection were state troopers, with their motorcycles, directing and controlling

traffic. For a few nights the men shivered in their tents, having read somewhere that it was warm and balmy in Florida. When this report was seen to have been slightly exaggerated, a transport plane brought one thousand blankets from Fort Benning, Georgia, six hundred miles distant.

With the tent cities set up, mess halls and shower buildings in operation, and the radio, telephone, and teletype in working order, the actual maneuvers began. In one very interesting experiment,

pursuit planes were sent out to find "enemy" bombers approaching on a known course. The single-seaters flew without radio direction from the ground, in order to prevent the radio operators of the "hostile" bombers from learning, through the medium of radio messages, where the defenders were. The pursuit planes were successful in their mission; they intercepted the bombardment planes. And an interception always results in an aerial battle. Umpires were present on every mission.

Once, during the maneuvers, the whole system of radio communication went haywire. Static filled the air. Hissing, crackling, and growling blotted out commands, instructions, and reports from planes in the air. The plans of the war game were rapidly being disrupted, while technical men searched high and low for the cause of the disturbance. And what do you think it was? Take a hundred guesses.

An electric razor. In a nearby tent the radio experts found a pilot shaving with one of these gadgets. They snapped the switch and said several uncomplimentary things to the dumbfounded pilot. Communication was restored, and the "war" went on. Then General Arnold dictated a General Order prohibiting the use of electric razors. So the next war is sure going to be tough; we'll either have to grow beards or use the old hand-power straight-edge or safety.

The broad outline of the problem in the maneuvers was one of communications rather than tactics. Bombers were sent on flights to destroy theoretical targets at distances up to eight hundred miles. On every mission they were controlled entirely by radio. Pursuit ships and the wicked-looking attack planes, with their four machine guns, became locked in a dog fight not far from Miami.

Warned by an outlying airdrome that a squadron of "enemy" bombers were approaching the city, and were then only sixty miles away, the defenders left the ground within four minutes of the receipt of the warning and reached an altitude of 11,000 feet within nine minutes; they still had six minutes in which to locate the "enemy" and dive upon him, their engines wide open and machine guns chattering.

The "battle" that ensued occurred over Hollywood, and lasted ten minutes. At the end of that time the invading bombers were theoretically annihilated. In another maneuver, the bombers eluded the interceptor planes, and dropped eighteen tons of theoretical bombs on Tampa. Another squadron of bombers successfully dropped their eggs on an "enemy" aircraft carrier approaching the Florida coast. Still another group failed to reach an "enemy" airdrome on one of the Keys, but they were successful in wiping out Orlando.

In a night-bombing attack, delivered without warning, nine Martin bombers from General H. H. Arnold's First Wing roared down upon Miami, dropped 5,000,000-candle-power flares instead of bombs, and escaped unscathed in the darkness.

In all, more than 1,000,000 miles were flown by the contending forces during the concentration and maneuvers. And they were flown without a single serious accident. One bomber failed to get away from California because of engine trouble; another bomber went over on its nose in the soft sand of the Municipal Airport at Miami; a pursuit pilot was forced down

on the beach, where his machine promptly rolled itself up into a knot. But the pilot "walked away" from the wreck, as they say when a flyer is not seriously hurt.

Once the maneuvers were over, the visiting officers, theretofore quartered in tents at the various flying fields, became the guests of Miami hotels, as far as rooms were concerned. They provided their own meals, however, as the Army allowed them travel pay only while actually engaged in flying away from and back to their station. During an absence of more than two weeks enlisted men received travel pay in the amount of five dollars; they lived in tents at the various fields, and had their own field kitchens.

Two days after the maneuvers came to an end, the All-America Air Races began, with both Army and Navy flyers in stellar roles. First came the gala sky parade above Biscayne Bay. The mayor of Miami opened the Air Races with a broadcast from an airplane flying three thousand feet above the city. The well-known Navy "Hell Divers" put on their amazing close-formation show. The Army's "Flying Trapeze" trio vied with the "Hell Divers" for military stunt honors. There were sky-writing and Army pursuit plane demonstrations every day—including Friday, the 13th. Clem Sohn, fitted with a bat-wing parachute, jumped from a plane at a height of 10,000 feet and delayed opening his 'chute until dangerously near the ground. When he did land, the wind would have carried him into whirling propeller blades had not field attendants, mounted on motorcycles, rushed out to save him.

Such were the stirring events during the day; at night all Miami and its environs were engulfed in a social whirl. Harvey Seeds Post of The American Legion gave a dance for the enlisted men. High-ranking officers in the G. H. Q. Air Force were the guest speakers at luncheons every day. The Early Birds, the Quiet Birdmen, the Caterpillar Club, and other organizations of flyers held reunions. And were they reunions! The writer, who was top kicker of a detachment of flying cadets during the first few months of the war, met a couple of his former cadets at the flying field; they are captains now.

Hundreds of Miami residents volunteered their services and the use of their cars to carry army and civilian participants in the races, newspapermen, and distinguished visitors out to the airport.

What a show it was! Major Alford Williams, of the Marine Corps, was of course the star performer. He actually hung by his propeller a thousand feet above the airport; he did loops and slow rolls, snap rolls and barrel rolls, in a fine exhibition of flying. He flew parallel to the ground, on his side, the entire length of the airport. But one day an unidentified daredevil unloaded a bag of tricks that made the Williams plane seem unwieldy and sluggish. He side-slipped and (Continued on page 58)

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Wings Over Miami

(Continued from page 57)

deliberately went into a tail-spin. He rolled his plane over and flipped it about. He did a falling leaf, looped inside and out, gyrated about in circles and figure eights and tight spirals and vertical banks, zoomed straight upward, finally came down to a perfect landing, and climbed out. The announcer identified him as Captain Lem Povey, instructor in aerobatics for the Cuban Air Force.

After that exhausting demonstration, some comedy relief was in order. So a trio of eccentric flyers, billed as Diogenes, Colonel Roscoe Turnbuckle, and Mahatma Gandhi, went aloft. The three uniforms consisted of a night-shirt, an Admiral's uniform, and an old-fashioned diaper. They did everything that a pilot should not do; everything, that is, except try to take off the propeller while the plane was in flight. If a prize had been offered for crazy flying, nose-dives, and wing-wobbling, they surely would have won it.

Eventually, however, it was possible to report: All quiet on the Miami front.

At the end of the show, the War Department announced that it had ordered one hundred Northrop attack planes to augment those already obsolescent because of the high speed of bombers and pursuit ships, ninety Douglas bombers, and thirteen four-engined Boeings of the "flying fortress" type. During the man-

euvers it was announced that one hundred Martin bombers, of the type that flew from California to Florida in less than twelve hours, would be delivered to the Army during the first nine months of 1936. These deadly air weapons have a top speed of two hundred and ten miles an hour, and can carry a ton of bombs 1,500 miles, non-stop. They are of the monoplane type, which seems rapidly to be supplanting the biplane variety, not only for bombing, but for pursuit, observation, attack, and transport planes. Most of the new ships are of the low-wing or mid-wing type, without external struts or bracing. Nearly all have retractable landing gear and are equipped with wing-flap "air brakes" to cut down their landing speed and thus reduce the possibility of accident. Most of the planes now being built are of the all-metal type.

THE new Martin is the fastest long-range bomber in the world. It is a beautifully designed flying engine of destruction. On the field at Miami I timed the take-off of one of these planes; it got off the ground *in exactly eight seconds*. It carried three machine guns, and a crew of four, including a radio operator. From a height of 12,000 feet, with new and improved bombing sights, the bombing officer can drop a 2,000-lb. egg within the outline of a battleship drawn on the

ground. They can fly above the effective range of anti-aircraft guns.

Interceptor planes are of little avail in protecting a city against bombing planes of the speed and carrying-capacity and flying radius of the Martin, since the defenders have no way of knowing at what altitude the bombers will approach their objective.

An interceptor would have to be at least one hundred miles an hour faster than the bomber to be efficient—and such a plane does not exist. The above facts came to light in night air maneuvers over England last summer, when anti-aircraft and search-light defenses proved to be absolutely inadequate. Bombers dropped their eggs almost at will on navy yards, army barracks, and the great steamship docks at Southampton, despite the efforts of fifty searchlights to locate the planes in the darkness.

It is difficult to conceive the effect on war itself when the operations of war can be carried out at two hundred miles an hour. The gulf between this and anything in our past experience is so vast that army and navy officers unfamiliar with flying have trouble in realizing the potentialities of the modern airplane. That is why such air maneuvers as the concentration in Florida are useful to the nation; they are like a dash of cold water in the face of a sleeping person.

Lincoln and the "Bonus"

(Continued from page 3)

point, on April 29th, they turned north and west, following the old Indian trail to the present site of Rock Island. Here they joined a body of troops under General Atchinson, on May 7th, and two days later were sworn into Federal service.

Lincoln, and almost all of these men, never saw any actual fighting, and most of them did not get a glimpse of an Indian. Black Hawk was leisurely chased over into Wisconsin and there captured. Discipline fell, quarrels broke out between the men, and finally, on May 26th, many of the companies were discharged from further service. Lincoln determined to see it through and enlisted variously as a private in the companies of Captains Alexander White, Elijah Iles, and Jacob Early.

It is supposed that in one of these enlistments he was sworn into service by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who later achieved fame at Fort Sumter. On July 16th, near Whitewater, Wisconsin, Lincoln was discharged and returned home to New Salem after a long and tiresome

journey by horse, canoe, and foot.

Although titles were then common in the nation, particularly military ones, no one ever remembers anyone calling the returned candidate "Captain Lincoln." What he thought of his own services, which lasted just about one hundred days, is best seen from one of his speeches while he was a member of Congress, on July 27, 1848:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know that I am a military man? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as was Cass at Hull's surrender; and like him, I saw the place soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation; I bent my musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If

he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody battles with the mosquitoes; and I can truly say I was often hungry. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of the black cockade about me and therefore they should take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Lincoln's complete honesty in this matter is refreshing, especially when one considers that others who served with him in this little warfare retained titles of major, colonel, and general. Indeed, many went forthright into politics and were known by their military titles thus earned. And although Lincoln finished out his campaign that year for the legislature, he made no reference to his service, nor did he in the campaigns that followed. His single reference to it made on the floors of Congress was for purposes of ridicule.

It was not until 1850, some eighteen years after the close of the Black Hawk War, that Congress passed the land grant bill for soldiers of that campaign. Under it Lincoln and his fellows were remembered. Thenceforth, soldiers of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and various Indian warfares had been similarly rewarded with land grants. These land schemes were double-barreled. The Government owned large tracts of western lands and could easily use these in place of cash. But, as important, the national Government was desirous of colonization. Thus it planned to kill two birds with one stone.

On April 16, 1852, under this Act of 1850, Lincoln received his warrant (No. 52076) for a forty-acre tract in Tama County, Iowa. This tract he entered on July 21, 1854, by his attorney, John P. Davies of Dubuque, patent issuing on June 1, 1855 (Rec. Vol. 280, p. 21, U. S. Patents).

In 1855 Congress voted additional lands for veterans of the Black Hawk War, Lincoln receiving his warrant (No. 68465) on April 22, 1856, for 120 acres of land in Crawford County, Iowa. This tract he entered himself on December, 27, 1859, patent issuing on September, 10, 1860, and being delivered to him on October 30th, just one week before his election to the Presidency.

In each of these Acts Congress made no differentiation between type or length of service, all veterans being treated alike. But, if time is considered, 160 acres for approximately one hundred days of actual service, it will be seen that Lincoln was given one and one-sixth

acres for each day of service. What the land was actually worth is a matter of pure conjecture, yet, based on then current prices for Iowa farmlands, it could not have exceeded ten dollars an acre at the time he received it. Either there was little demand for sales or the tracts were held for rising prices, because Lincoln owned both pieces of property at the time of his death.

What was Lincoln's financial condition at the time he received these grants? In 1852 he was busy trying to build a law practice in Springfield and on the Illinois Eighth Judicial Circuit. While he was not in want or close to it, he was not a wealthy man. He owned considerable real estate in addition to the government grants, and owned his own home in Springfield. In 1856 he was in a much better position, having a growing practice, being talked of for governor, and expanding generally. In 1861, when he left Springfield to assume the Presidency, his net worth was close to ten thousand dollars.

We have no statement as to his views on soldier's awards and must judge him from his actions. He had no hesitancy about accepting the grants of Congress. He apparently felt, in all good conscience, that military service was a special kind of patriotic duty entailing as it did, and does, the dangers to be faced, hardships, possible physical losses, loss of time, and retarding of personal ambitions. And he also felt that this type of service should receive special consideration and compensation at the hands of a grateful nation. So he cheerfully accepted his "bonus" for his own military service.

Blue Tiger

(Continued from page 7)

every bush and rock, the great beast stole against the wind towards the grazing deer. Fifty yards away and he crouched and then with the terrible rush of his kind covered with incredible speed the space between him and the herd.

At the sight of the blue death speeding towards them, the herd raced away for their lives. Two or three of the younger bucks, however, could not resist giving a preliminary bound or so in the air, instead of concentrating all their speed on a straightaway dash.

As one of them landed the tiger overtook him and with one motion of his mighty paw wrenched his head around and snapped his spine.

Dragging the heavy carcass to the level grass plot in front of the cave, the great cat made a hearty meal on half of it, drank deep from a little stream that ran through the valley and retired into the cave to sleep the clock around.

WHILE the blue tiger was thus taking possession of his new home, fifty miles away on the ranch of the Lazy

Y events were occurring which were to bring him once more in contact with humans.

It all began with Bud Peagle, once the best rifle-shot in the Northwest but in his old age fallen upon evil days. He had come to the ranch for work and big Sandy Stewart, the manager, had turned him over to Red Swope, one of his most trusted range men.

"I'm grub-stakin' old Bud for a hunt after Threeto'es," he confided to Red. "The Ranchers' Association has put up a thousand reward for that damned bear. You go with him an' between the two of you bring back his hide."

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Blue Tiger

(Continued from page 59)

woodland, and run all day across rough country faster than any horse can gallop.

Once in a generation or so, some solitary old he-bear takes to cattle-killing. When that happens he becomes one of the worst pests known to the ranches. Threetoes was one of that breed. For five years, over a territory fully a hundred miles in length, which included some of the wildest and most inaccessible country in the Northwest, he had averaged a steer a week. Hunters, trappers and poisoners had plotted against his life in vain. Once he had left some toes in a trap, the loss of which had given him his name.

Red made no verbal reply to Sandy's instructions, but hurried away to the bunk-house, threw a few articles into a duffel-bag, grabbed a blanket, rifle, and cartridge-belt, saddled a horse and a moment later joined old Bud, a lean, cadaverous old trapper with a white beard.

Two days later the hunters found themselves on the edge of a tiny valley.

Following a dim trail the two made their way through a screen of Douglas fir, their moccasined feet making no sound on the soft ground, and peered from behind the trees into the valley which lay open before them. Immediately Bud gave a start and pointed towards a cave in a cliff-side not fifty yards away.

In front of it, on the crisp turf, stood an enormous bear. With his vast body, pillared legs and enormous claws, he was a grim and menacing figure.

"Aim at the middle of his fore-shoulder," whispered the old hunter to Red, as the bear lowered his round, ruffled head towards the half-eaten carcass of the mule-deer. "See to it you don't miss for he'll charge like lightnin' as soon as we shoot."

Red nodded and the two raised their guns and took long and careful aim. Suddenly the cow-puncher lowered his rifle and gripped his companion's arm.

"What's that in the cave?" he gasped, gazing with staring eyes at the dark opening in the cliff-side beyond the bear. As he looked old Bud's jaw dropped and his eyes bulged out.

"My God," he muttered, "I never see such a mountain lion in all my days."

"Lion, my foot," hissed Red. "That's a tiger. Look at the stripes."

Framed in the dusk of the cavern not sixty yards away showed the fierce head and blue, striped fore-quarters of a great beast, such as neither man had ever seen before.

Even as they stared, the great cave-tiger moved stealthily out into the open. With his gleaming, green-shadowed eyes and half-open mouth, he seemed the very embodiment of utter ferocity. Swift and

silent as a snake, his burly body moved out of the cave and the two men could see the ripple and play of his enormous muscles as he came. At the sight the old man's rifle wavered in his hands.

Though startled, Red's natural disposition could not be kept down for long.

"You take the bear, ol' timer," he muttered, "an' I'll tend to the other one," and he raised his rifle again.

"No, no," snarled Bud. "We're grubstaked to hunt bear, not tigers, an' blue ones at that. Fifty yards ain't no distance at all to stand them critters off when they charge. One on 'em would certainly get to us."

It was the cave-tiger himself who put an end to any further argument. From his new-found home he had watched with rising wrath the bear feasting on his kill. Among his own mountains he had known only the smaller Himalayan black bear and the sloth bear and presumably had acquired a profound contempt for the whole breed. At any rate, the next second he was on the back of the astonished grizzly. Driving his long, curved claws deep into the bear's body, he reached around and gripped the grizzly's muzzle with one armed paw and tried to snap his neck, the favorite hold of all tigers. The bear foiled this attack by sinking his head deep between his massive shoulders, where not even the flashing strength of the cave-tiger was able to move it.

Thereupon the great cat let go his hold and raked the bear's side with his claws, at the same time bending forward and trying to sink his fighting fangs into his opponent's spine. Once again the bear's build saved him, since five inches of hair, hide and muscle protected his back-bone.

With a bawling roar of rage and pain, the grizzly reared up on his hind legs and with a single flint of his great shoulders, dislodged his assailant. Then, as the tiger struck the ground, the bear shed his apparent slowness like a dropped mask and from a shaggy, shambling, clumsy beast, became an aroused monster, swift almost as the great cat himself.

Pivoting like a flash, so that the whole weight of his body was back of the blow, the gray monster gave the crashing left-hook, which only a bear can deliver. If it had reached the tiger's head the fight would have been finished then and there. As it was, the cave dweller ducked and the swing landed on his fore-shoulder with such a smash that in spite of his weight and bulk he was bowled over and over, while the chiseling paws of the bear cut deep gashes in his shaggy coat.

Like the veteran fighter that he was, the bear followed up the blow instantaneously and was almost upon the great cat as it struck the ground for the second time. If once he could get the tiger in the

grip of his massive arms, the fight would be over. It was only the blue battler's speed that saved him. Just as the bear hurled his vast bulk forward, the tiger sprang to one side and for a moment, panting and bleeding, the two great beasts faced each other.

The bear's gray back was streaked with red, his head and muzzle were deeply scored, while blood and froth dripped from his open mouth and his little pig-eyes glittered like coals of fire beneath his broad forehead.

The other battler was an even more fearsome sight. The grizzly's claws had made deep wounds in his shoulder and side, his face was a mask of utter fury, and so menacing a snarl came from his red gullet that, fifty yards away, Bud and Red involuntarily crouched behind their trees.

"It's a finish fight now. Old Threetoes is goin' to stick," he whispered.

"So's the cat," returned Red. "He's a killer if there ever was one."

"Look!" he shouted a second later.

As he spoke, the tiger circled the bear and then dashed in and feinting a stroke at the other's head, raked his sides. As his scimitarlike claws cut through the bear's tough pelt, the hunters heard that rare and unearthly sound which from a grizzly always means a killing.

"Hough, hough," he roared, charging in on the great cat. The tiger avoided the rush and tried to spring again upon his back, but pivoting rapidly the bear faced him.

Then began a battle great and grim. Against the flashing swiftness and dynamic power of the tiger, the bear opposed half a ton or so of solid bone and muscle and an endurance and stark strength that is surpassed by no other carnivore on earth, outside of his own breed.

The blue killer had the longer reach and landed slash after slash without return. Each time, his deadly claws cut through the grizzly's thick pelt as if it were paper, until the bear was bleeding in a dozen places on his sides and shoulders. Time and again the tiger started to spring, but always the bear managed to wheel and face him and even at the height of his rage the big cat dared not risk another blow from that devastating paw.

The grizzly's dogged, surly coolness stood him in good stead against the other's flashing offense and although terribly cut and gashed, he was always fast enough on his feet to protect his back. Then, as the fight went on and on, the high-tension voltage of the Asian fighter asserted itself and the fierce nature of the tiger was aroused to such a frenzy that he staked everything on one desperate attack.

He circled the great beast before him faster and faster until for a second the bear's back was turned to him. In that tiny tick of time he sprang—and landed. Sinking his curved claws deep into the

grizzly's body he clung like an Old Man of the Sea—and even the bear's mighty strength was not sufficient to shake him off.

Perhaps in his yearling days in fights with mountain lions the grizzly had learned the counter to such an attack, perhaps it was only instinct. At any rate, in spite of the burden on his back the bear slowly raised himself up on his hind-legs. Then, reaching around with his armed paws, he secured a vise-like grip on his adversary and suddenly toppled over backwards.

Although the tiger managed to swing his lithe body partially to one side, yet he was battered and nearly stunned beneath the weight which fell upon him and before he could recover, the bear wound his arms about his body and secured at last the grip for which he had been waiting. Struggling desperately, the great cat tore at the bear's throat, but by sinking his head between his shoulders again the grizzly avoided any disabling wound and put forth all his strength into a hug beneath which one rib after another of the tiger snapped like glass.

Gasping flatly, the blue body twisted and bent and writhed until with a last supreme effort the fierce cat managed to turn in the bear's embrace and bring into play his most fatal weapons, the eviscerating claws of his hind-feet. These he drove through the grizzly's unprotected underparts, making such ghastly wounds that the bear involuntarily loosed his hold for an instant.

Drawing a deep, reviving breath, the prisoned animal thrust his head far out in an attempt to sink his teeth into the bear's spine in one last desperate coup. As the tiger's neck was for a second fully exposed, the bear's head shot out from between his shoulders, swift as a striking snake, and the next instant his jaws clamped together like a trap of death and his knife-like fangs cut through skin, muscle and bone until they met in the vital knot at the base of the neck. As if struck by lightning, the tiger's head sank back and his clutching paws stiffened and loosed their grip on the old grizzly.

Not until the striped body lay stark and still did the bear open his jaws and, lurching to his feet, stand, a blood-stained figure outlined against the darkness of the cave, with one paw resting on the motionless body of the blue tiger.

Then, as he turned staggeringly toward the cave, the old hunter raised his rifle, only to have it struck down by Red.

"Hell," said the cow-puncher, "don't shoot a winner. 'Ain't you got no sentiment?"

"There's a thousand on him," protested old Bud.

"What's a thousand dollars?" demanded Red, magnificently, as he started his companion down the trail. "We'd only spend it. It was worth that an' more to watch an American win the championship of the world."

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(Continued from page 31)



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or Choice of Cash Commission—Send No Money—Send Name and Address! Boys! Girls! Mickey on the dial and band in colors! Chrome finish case and bracelet—Unbreakable crystal. American make. **WHAT A WATCH! SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE** pictures with famous **White Cloverine Salve** which you sell at 25c a box (giving picture **FREE!**) and remit as per premium plan book. Other watches, 40th year. Be First. Write for trial order dozen salve and pictures **NOW!**
WILSON CHEMICAL CO. INC., Dept. 100F Tyrone, Pa.

FREE CONDON'S New Wisconsin BALL HEAD CABBAGE SEED
100% Yellows Resistant—LATEST INTRODUCTION—NEW AND DISTINCT. Earliest of all Ball Heads. Fine texture, flesh purer than any. Very uniform type—Enormous Yielder. Biggest Money-Making Cabbage for Home and Market. Wonderful Keeper. We want everybody to try this wonderful new Cabbage. Send 3c stamp to cover postage and will mail you **150 SEEDS FREE** 1935 180 page Catalog of Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, and Bulbs.
CONDON BROS., SEEDSMEN
Box 24 Rockford, Illinois.

Skin Help
When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you
POS-LAM WORKS FAST
Send for **FREE SAMPLE** Poslam Co. STATION G NEW YORK

GENUINE Blue White DIAMOND RING for YOU!
Get this New Art, Pierced Sterling Silver Mounted Genuine Diamond Ring Now. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY.) We Trust You with two 24 packet collections of Gardeo Seeds to be sold at 10 cent each. When sold, send money collected and Genuine Diamond Ring is yours. Write for seeds today. A POSTCARD WILL DO.
LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 2, Paradise, Pa.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION November 30, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 246,342.46
Notes and accounts receivable.....	43,646.49
Inventories.....	61,299.52
Investments.....	1,386,204.53
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	184,393.46
Improved real estate, office building in Washington, D. C.....	130,720.97
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	34,869.80
Pollard Alling equipment, less depreciation.....	536.33
Deferred charges.....	56,135.16
	\$2,144,148.72

Liabilities and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 52,654.74
Funds restricted as to use.....	21,304.36
Deferred income.....	364,771.07
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	184,393.46
Reserve for Investment Valuation....	13,303.46
	\$ 636,427.09
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital. \$1,298,689.45	
Unrestricted capital 209,032.18	\$1,507,721.63
	\$2,144,148.72

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

play who has not attained his seventeenth birthday before March 31, 1936. Proofs of birth dates of players must be sworn to before notaries public.

As an innovation, each boy will be required to memorize the Legion's code of good sportsmanship, and each team will be required to repeat the code in unison before each game. The code is: "Keep the rules; keep faith with your comrades; keep your temper; keep yourself fit; keep a stout heart in defeat; keep your pride under victory; keep a sound soul, a clean mind and a healthy body."

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, will furnish any post, upon request, with all information necessary.

Biggest Membership Day

NOVEMBER 18, 1935, will live in American Legion history. On that day a total of 128,607 paid-up membership cards for 1936 was received at National Headquarters in Indianapolis, all postmarked on or before November 16th. The total represented the largest number of membership cards ever received at National Headquarters on a single day. It was three times as large as the former record—43,679—established on December 1, 1934.

The cards were sent by all Departments to confirm their pledges made on the telegraphic roll call held during the Department Commanders' and Adjutants' Conference in Indianapolis at the end of October. For sending the largest number of cards in relation to its rollcall pledge, the Department of Louisiana was awarded the Henry L. Stevens, Jr., Trophy. It pledged 6,700 and actually sent 7,999. With Louisiana, nine other Departments compose the "Big Ten" for

1936 on the basis of their relative standings in cards delivered. The other nine, in order, are Nevada, North Dakota, Idaho, Delaware, District of Columbia, Indiana, Maine, Georgia and North Carolina.

Traffic Safety in '36

EVERY American Legion post has been asked by the National Americanism Commission to form a safety committee in its own community, to help in the Legion's nationwide effort in 1936 to lower the tremendous death toll from automobile accidents. In 1935 more than 36,000 were killed in motor accidents, and a million persons were injured. Department safety committees are also being formed. Already, 35,000 copies of the handbook, "The American Legion and the Traffic Accident Problem," have been distributed.

Roll Call

BLAINE BROOKS GERNON, who wrote "Lincoln and the Bonus," is a Past Commander of Austin Post of Chicago . . . Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, and Burt M. McConnell is Adjutant of that Post . . . H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont is a Past National Vice Commander . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis . . . Frederic McLaughlin belongs to George Alexander McKinlock Post of Lake Forest, Illinois.

Harvey Dunn is a member of DeWitt Coleman Post, Tenafly, New Jersey . . . Kenneth F. Camp belongs to Scarsdale (New York) Post. PHILIP VON BLON

THE LEGION'S BUDGET FOR 1936

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following statement has been prepared by the National Finance Committee, composed of John Lewis Smith, District of Columbia, Chairman; Sam W. Reynolds of Nebraska, and Edgar B. Dunlap of Georgia, and is published in accordance with the mandate of the Miami National Convention.

THE Miami Convention ordered that the budget for The American Legion be published in The American Legion Monthly.

In accordance with that mandate, the budget for the year 1936, unanimously adopted by the National Executive Committee, at its meeting in Indianapolis, held November 1 and 2, 1935, is herewith presented.

The purpose of the convention mandate was to inform every member of our organization of the source of income and the proposed expenditures for the ensuing year.

In the preparation of the budget several factors must be taken into account. Income must be estimated, not only in the light of past experience, but with a view to the possibilities of the coming year and new Legion activities. Proposed expenditures must not only be measured by the requirements of the many convention mandates, both past, present and accumulative, but by necessity must be segregated and limited by funds available.

The budget is presented in the table which follows. In order that the arrangement of the budget as presented

may be fully understood, following the table there are presented by the National

Finance Committee statements explaining each item referred to in the table.

Revenue:

General Revenue:

American Legion membership estimated 850,000 @ \$1.00..... \$850,000.00
Less: Subscriptions to The American Legion Monthly @ 65c..... \$552,500.00

Sons of The American Legion membership estimated 60,000 @ 25c..... 297,500.00
Emblem Division..... 15,000.00
Legion Publishing Commission..... 50,000.00
Reserve Fund earnings..... 50,000.00
Purchase discount..... 33,300.00
Interest earned..... 1,500.00

Interest on investment Washington Bldg. (\$129,000.00 @ 4%) \$5,160.00
Interest on inventory of Emblem Division (\$30,000.00 @ 4%) 1,200.00 6,360.00

Pro rata compensation National Judge Advocate

Legion Publishing Commission..... 1,000.00
Emblem Division..... 300.00 1,300.00 454,960.00

Funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare

American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation..... 163,700.00
American Legion Auxiliary for Rehabilitation..... 25,000.00
American Legion Auxiliary for Child Welfare Special Services..... 10,000.00

198,700.00
653,660.00

Expense:

Payable from General Revenue:

Administration..... 93,152.65
Membership Card Section..... 11,390.00
Americanism..... 26,570.00
Legislative..... 25,850.00
Publicity (includes National Legionnaire at 10c)..... 85,000.00
Finance..... 24,366.95
Executive..... 69,390.00
Rehabilitation..... 63,078.24
Child Welfare..... 10,000.00 408,797.84

Payable from funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare

Rehabilitation:
Endowment Fund Corporation one half of earnings..... 81,850.00
American Legion Auxiliary..... 25,000.00 106,850.00

Child Welfare:

Endowment Fund Corporation one half of earnings..... 81,850.00
American Legion Auxiliary..... 10,000.00 91,850.00
Estimated reserve against membership..... 46,162.16 653,660.00

INCOME

MEMBERSHIP. In the light of present membership activity, it was unanimously agreed that it is safe to look forward to a minimum membership of 850,000, for the year 1936. By convention mandate, the National Finance Committee has been authorized to allocate the national per capita tax for publications and for general purposes. Accordingly, 65 cents of the \$1.00 national dues has been set aside for The American Legion Monthly, 10 cents for the National Legionnaire and 25 cents to the General Revenue of the Legion.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION. The committee unanimously feels that this estimate, representing 60,000 members, will be fulfilled. All funds in the conduct of this organization are expended from the General Funds, under the Administration Division.

EMBLEM DIVISION. This estimated income of \$50,000, is derived from the sale of buttons, caps, regalia, jewelry, etc., through this Division, and it is accumulated not because of a large profit on the articles so sold, but rather because of the volume of sales accruing through the million and a half prospective buyers.

RESERVE FUND. The National Treasurer has submitted an actual account of these earnings, which can be expected from the Reserve Funds of the Legion.

DISCOUNTS TAKEN. The American Legion pays its bills promptly, and avails itself of all discounts.

INTEREST EARNED. In order that

proper charges might be set up for accounting purposes, the National Organization credits itself with \$5,160, representing interest at 4 percent on our investment of \$129,000, in the real estate holdings occupied by our Washington offices. Likewise, \$1,200 is credited representing interest at 4 percent on our investment of \$30,000 in the merchandise inventory of the Emblem Division.

NATIONAL JUDGE ADVOCATE. The compensation of the National Judge Advocate will be paid from the General Funds of the organization, under the division of Executive Expense, in the amount of \$2,000, while \$1,000 will come from The American Legion Auxiliary for such legal services. The work handled during the past year, under one officer, as National Treasurer and National Judge Advocate, has been returned to its original status. The new National Treasurer will serve without compensation.

INCOME FROM LEGION PUBLISHING COMMISSION. The Legion Publishing Corporation has been dissolved and has been succeeded by the Legion Publishing Commission, on the usual divisional basis as a part of the National Organization of The American Legion. Out of the earnings of the Legion Publishing Commission, \$50,000 will be set aside as General Revenue. The allocation of 65 cents per member and the income from advertising should make this anticipated income possible. (Continued on page 64)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

GIVEN



Sweet Toned VIOLIN

Handsome finish, highly polished. Set of strings and bow included. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just name and address. **WE TRUST YOU** with 24 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$2.40 collected and we will send Violin Outfit and Instruction Book. Turn to play in 5 minutes. No more money to pay... **EXTRA—\$1.00** in BIG PRIZES. You may win. Write for seeds today. A Post Card will do. **LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 330, PARADISE, PA.**

STANDARD GARDEN TRACTORS



Powerful Gas Tractors for Small Farms. Gardeners, Florists, Nurseries, Fruit Growers & Poultrymen.

1 & 2 Cylinders
High Wheels
Walk or Ride—Do Belt Work
Free Catalog

STANDARD ENGINE CO.
Minneapolis, Minn. Philadelphia, Pa. New York, N.Y.
3220 Como Ave. 2530 Market St. 230 Cedar St.

WANTED ... BRANCH ... MANUFACTURERS

On small or large scale, by old established firm to east 5 & 10c Novelties, Ashtrays, Toy Autos, etc. No special place or experience necessary as we furnish full instructions with moulds. A rare opportunity for these times so if you are over 21 and want to devote your spare or full time to profitable work write **AT ONCE** for full details.

METAL CAST PRODUCTS
1696 Boston Road, Dept. 9, New York, N. Y.

SELL TO STORES



HANDLE REGULAR ROUTE

placing world's greatest line of Counter Card Merchandise with stores: Aspirin, Razor Blades, Dime-Lax, Bromo-Kex, Confections, 100 fast selling displays. Over 100% profit for you and merchants. Steady repeat orders. No experience or investment needed to start. Big catalog FREE.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 2813 Spencer, Ind.

WE MATCH PANTS



To Any Suit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. **100,000 patterns.** Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent **FREE** for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 311 Chicago

STOPS DANDRUFF



You need a medicine really to end Dandruff and the itching it causes. So stop experimenting. Use Glover's Mange Medicine and shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap regularly. Start today! At all drug stores. Barbers also give Glover's treatment.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

FREE FOR ASTHMA DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 117-A, Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ITCH

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

GOV'T. JOBS

SALARY TO START \$90 to \$175 MONTHLY MEN WOMEN Age Range 18 to 50

EX-SERVICE MEN	GET PREFERENCE
() Village Carrier	() POSTMASTER
() P. O. Laborer	() Seamstress
() R. F. D. Carrier	() Auditor
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() City Mail Carrier	() Telephone Opr.
() P. O. Clerk	() Watchman
() Matron	() Meat Inspector
() Spec'l Investigator	() Secret Service Opi
() Typist	() File Clerk

INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me **FREE** particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. **ALL SENT FREE.**
Name.....
Address.....

NEW MECHANICAL WALLPAPER CLEANER

Ends Drudgery—Saves Redecorating
Revolutionary invention. Banishes clean drudgery forever. No mess—no muss—no sticky dough—no shaky ladders! Works like magic on wallpaper or paint—also on window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. Low priced. Homes, offices buy instantly.
AGENTS! Make Big Money! New easy plan. Simply show and take orders. No experience needed. No risk. **FREE** Outfit. Rush postal for all details!
SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—send in your name today.
KRISTEE MFG. CO., 332 Bar St., AKRON, O.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. *Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles.* Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **SENT ON TRIAL** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.
BROOKS COMPANY, 150 State St., Marshall, Mich.

THE LEGION'S BUDGET FOR 1936

(Continued from page 63)

FUNDS FOR REHABILITATION AND CHILD WELFARE. These funds come from specific sources and are earmarked for specific purposes. Income from the Endowment Fund can be used only for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare. The generosity and loyalty of The American Legion Auxiliary makes possible also special funds for these purposes. While not carried as anticipated income, the Forty and Eight will contribute a minimum of \$16,000 for Emergency Aid in Child Welfare work, while \$2,000 will come from the Eight and Forty for the same purpose.

EXPENSE

The items under this head, and set forth opposite each Division of the National Headquarters, are practically all self-explanatory. They compose the bud-

get of expenditures as approved by the National Executive Committee, and not only take into account the requirements of the accumulated mandates of seventeen national conventions, but are limited to keep within the income for the ensuing year.

Particular attention is directed to the item listed as "Payable from Funds for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare." Here it will be noted that earmarked funds go where they are intended to go—one-half of the Endowment Fund earnings to Rehabilitation and one-half to Child Welfare.

Respectfully submitted,
THE NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE
John Lewis Smith, Chairman
Sam W. Reynolds
Edgar B. Dunlap

The Engineers See It Through

(Continued from page 35)

rd., Tallmadge, Ohio. *The Ohio Rainbow Reveille* sent free to all members: Write to Jack Henry, secy., Marysville, Ohio.

78TH DIV. ASSOC.—Mid-winter reunion at Grand View Auditorium, Ogden av. and Franklin st., Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 8. Write to John Kennedy, secy., 78th Div. Vets. Assoc., New Hope, Pa.

308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Roger Smith Restaurant, 40 E. 41st st., New York City, Sat., Feb. 29. Address Treasurer, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

308TH INF.—Annual memorial services at West End Synagogue, 160 W. 82d st., New York City, Wed., Feb. 12, 3 p. m. Members, relatives of deceased members and friends invited to services conducted by Rev. J. J. Halligan and Rev. Dr. Nathan Stern. Arthur Brucks, chmn., 383 Fifth av., New York City.

310TH INF.—Reunion, Providence, R. I., date to be announced. Report to John P. Riley, 151 Wendell st., Providence.

148TH M. G. BN., Cos. A and C (formerly K and L, 4th S. D. INF.)—Proposed reunion at Camp Pontis, Moberg, S. D., during spring. Paul McGaughan, 709 First st., Aberdeen, S. D.

160TH INF., Co. L—Annual reunion at Getty Hall, Santa Ana, Calif., Feb. 22. Dick Hawkins, 1017 W. 5th st., Santa Ana.

59TH PIONEER INF.—Proposed reunion. John J. Dugan, P. O. Box 607, Wilmington, Del.

322d F. A. Assoc.—17th annual reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, date to be announced. Report to L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

327TH F. A., BTRY. A—Reunion-banquet, Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Springfield, Ill., Feb. 22. Carl A. Pfeffer, New Berlin, Ill.

130TH F. A., BTRY. B—17th annual reunion,

Lawrence, Kans., Feb. 22. W. H. Horr, 1031 Main st., Lawrence.

308TH M. P., 83d Div.—Reunion, Elks Club, Canton, Ohio, Apr. 18. Harry Heidenfelter, 1439 Orchard Grove av., Lakewood, Ohio.

VETS OF 13TH ENGRS., Ry.—7th reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, June 20-21. James A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS., Co. D—Reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6), Pa.

31st Ry. ENGRS.—8th annual reunion, Denver, Colo., in Aug. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

302d ENGRS.—17th annual dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat., Feb. 15. Bill Murch, chmn., care of clubhouse.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Champaign, Ill., in Aug. H. S. Lewis, pres., 107 W. White st., Champaign.

213TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion Feb. 5 or 7, of sqdrn. veterans who survived *Tuscania* disaster. Address Chas. G. Cargill, 3606 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., May 31. Lloyd Hessey, 3557 Kenwood av., Indianapolis.

305-6-7 and 308TH F. H. and AMB. Cos., 77th Div.—Reunion in May. Send names and addresses to Dr. Samuel A. Laitin, 45-15 Parsons blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

NAVAL WORLD WAR VETS.—Proposed reunion Robert O. Levell, P. O. Box 163, Newcastle, Ind.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE
A.E.F. WASTES A LARGE
PART OF A LARGE EVENING
OWING TO A SLIGHTLY
BLURRED VISION

(WAITING TO
HAVE HIS SALUTE
RETURNED)

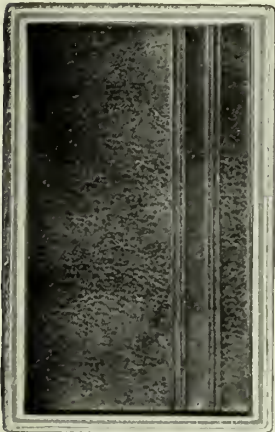
OUTSTANDING VALUES!



AL-15—10-K solid yellow gold ring with midget emblem, hand carved eagles. Our most popular ring. Price.....\$12.50



AL-65—Sterling silver ring, with 10-K solid gold midget emblem, plain Gypsy type mounting. A real value!.....\$3.00



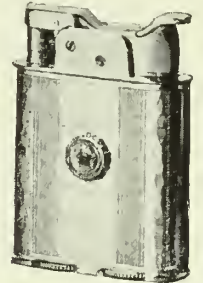
No. 1812—Letter Case. Genuine brown leather, hand-colored, glazed, two-tone effect. Two extra pockets. Size 6 3/4" x 4". Legion emblem in two colors on inside left pocket. Price each.....\$1.75



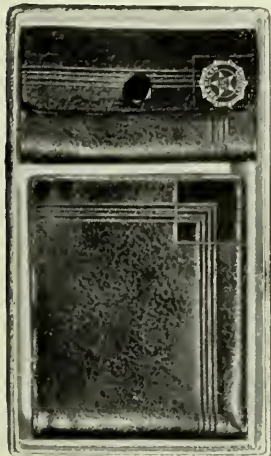
No. 6646—Key Kaddy. Genuine hand-colored brown steerhide, laced edges, suede lining, six hooks. Legion emblem embossed in two colors. Price each.....\$1.00



Collar and Tie Set—This striking combination is in white metal with a contrasting gold-plated Legion emblem. Tie holder of latest design with an adjustable back to accommodate any width tie. Collar pin has patented clamp attachment which holds pin securely in place. Set packed in attractive cigarette humidor—capacity approximately forty cigarettes. Complete...\$1.00



No. L-836—Pocket Lighter. Non-tarnishing chromium finish. Hammered and engine-turned design. Gold-plated Legion emblem beautifully enameled in colors. Price.....\$1.25



No. 4144—Matched Set—Genuine brown, hand-colored glazed leather, two-tone modernistic effect. Bill-fold has Talon fastened bill compartment. Key kaddy to match, with six hooks. Two-color Legion emblem on inner flap of bill-fold and on outside of key kaddy, as illustrated. Price per set, complete.....\$2.50



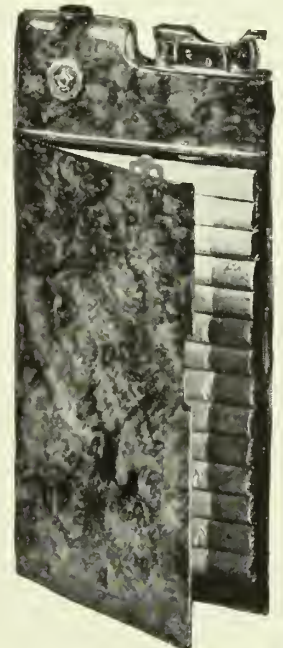
Set No. 10—Dirigold buckle (closely resembling gold), one initial in black enamel and Legion emblem reproduced in colors. Genuine cowhide 1 3/8" leather belt. Price per set, complete.....\$1.00



Set No. 20—Sterling (solid) silver buckle, with three cut-out initials and separately applied, gold-plated Legion emblem in colors. Genuine cowhide 1 3/8" leather belt. Price per set, complete.....\$3.50
Sets 10 and 20: One-week delivery. None C.O.D.



No. 1073—Combination Cigarette Case with Lighter. Knife edge model. Non-tarnishing chromium finish. Hammered design with in-laid black French enamel stripes. Gold-plated Legion emblem enameled in colors. Price.....\$2.95



No. W-1200—Combination Cigarette Case with Lighter. Very thin, knife edge model. Holds fifteen cigarettes, single row. Non-tarnishing chromium finish. Simulated burl maple French enamel front and back. Gold-plated Legion emblem enameled in colors. Price.....\$5.95

STANDARD RING GAUGE



Cut a slip of paper or string that will fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which the ring is to be worn. This must be done carefully and accurately to insure a proper fit. Lay the paper or string with one end exactly on line "A," and the other end will indicate the correct ring size. Rings also furnished in half-sizes, i. e. 7 1/2, 10 1/2: etc.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

[MAIL NOW]

Emblem Division, American Legion National Headquarters
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

2-36

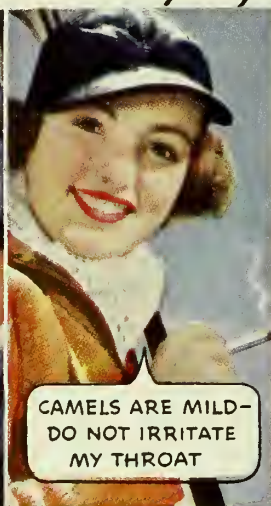
Here is my check for \$..... Ship C.O.D. for \$.....
in payment of the following merchandise:

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!



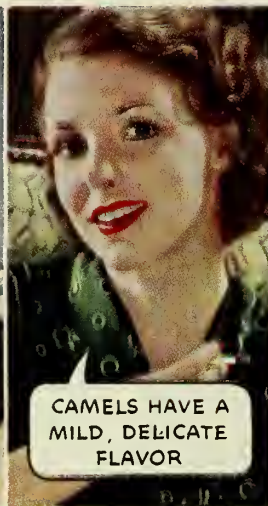
TO RENEW MY
ENERGY, I LIGHT
UP A CAMEL



CAMELS ARE MILD—
DO NOT IRRITATE
MY THROAT



CAMELS DON'T GET
MY WIND



CAMELS HAVE A
MILD, DELICATE
FLAVOR



I SMOKE A LOT.
CAMELS NEVER
UPSET MY NERVES

RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champ

OUTDOOR GIRL—Margaret Lynam

TOMMY ARMOUR—Golf Champion

HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Daly

FRANK HAWKS—Daring Aviator

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean
so much to others...we are sure you'll like them too!

CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU— OR YOU'VE SMOKED THEM FREE!

**READ
OUR OFFER
TO YOU**

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

What these steady Camel smokers say is confirmed by new smokers everywhere, who saw our money-back offer to "try ten"...and took us at our word!

They try ten...smoke twenty. And go on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight...as they sense the mildness...the coolness...the unrivaled flavor...of Camel's costlier, non-irritating tobaccos.

Attractive trial offer

We believe Camels represent the ideal cigarette. And so repeat our money-back offer.

Try Camels. Compare them with others for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today. Join those who say "those costlier tobaccos certainly make a difference!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
—Turkish and Domestic—
than any other popular brand.